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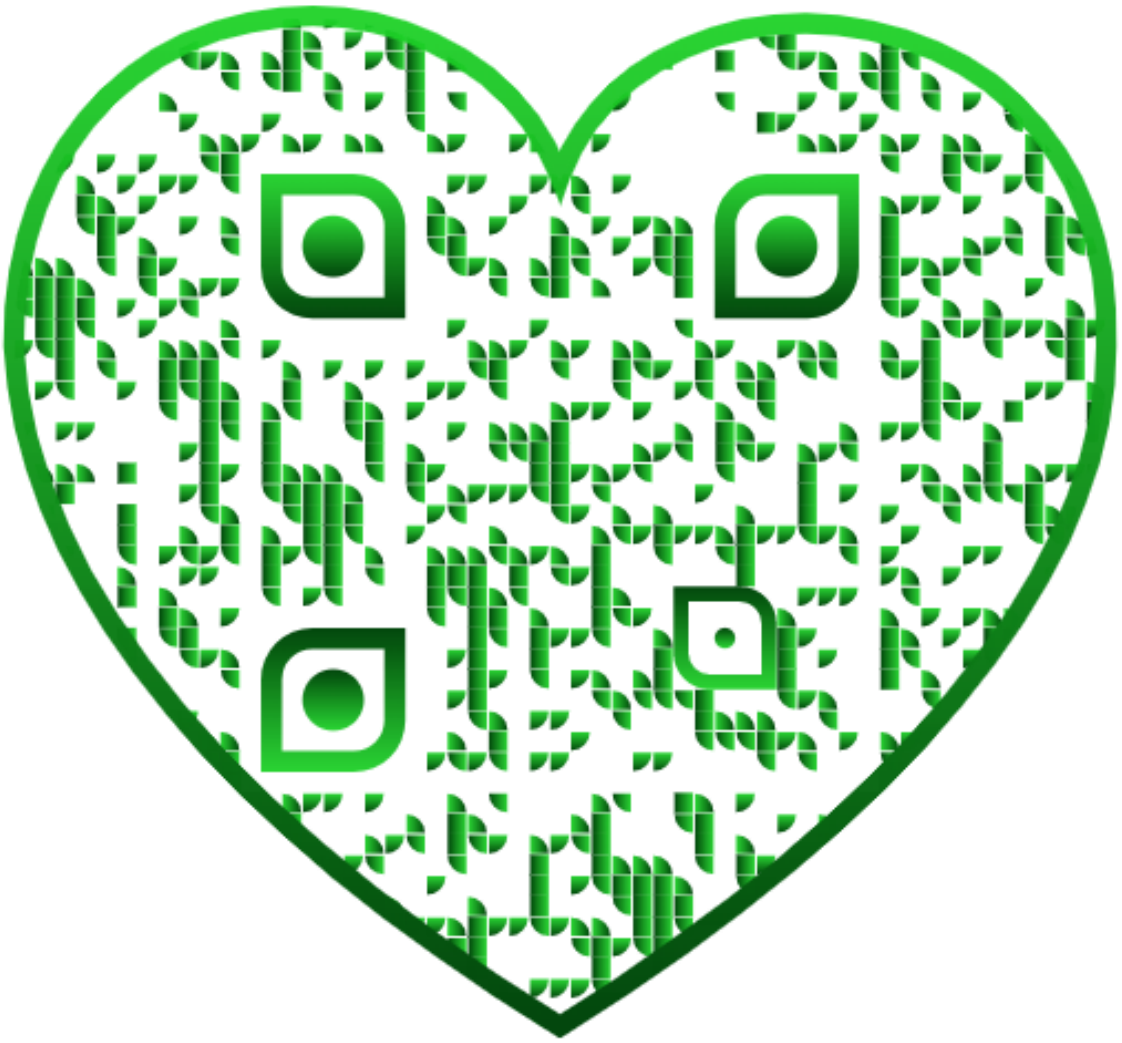

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HIT PARADER

NUMBER 217
OCTOBER 1982

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Cover Photo by Aaron Rapoport

Large Craft Warning

REO SPEEDWAGON

Hottest Band In The Land Takes The High Road Coast To Coast.

Jeffrey Mayer

REO lead singer, Kevin Cronin: "I have at least one to five nervous breakdowns every day."

by Ed Ochs

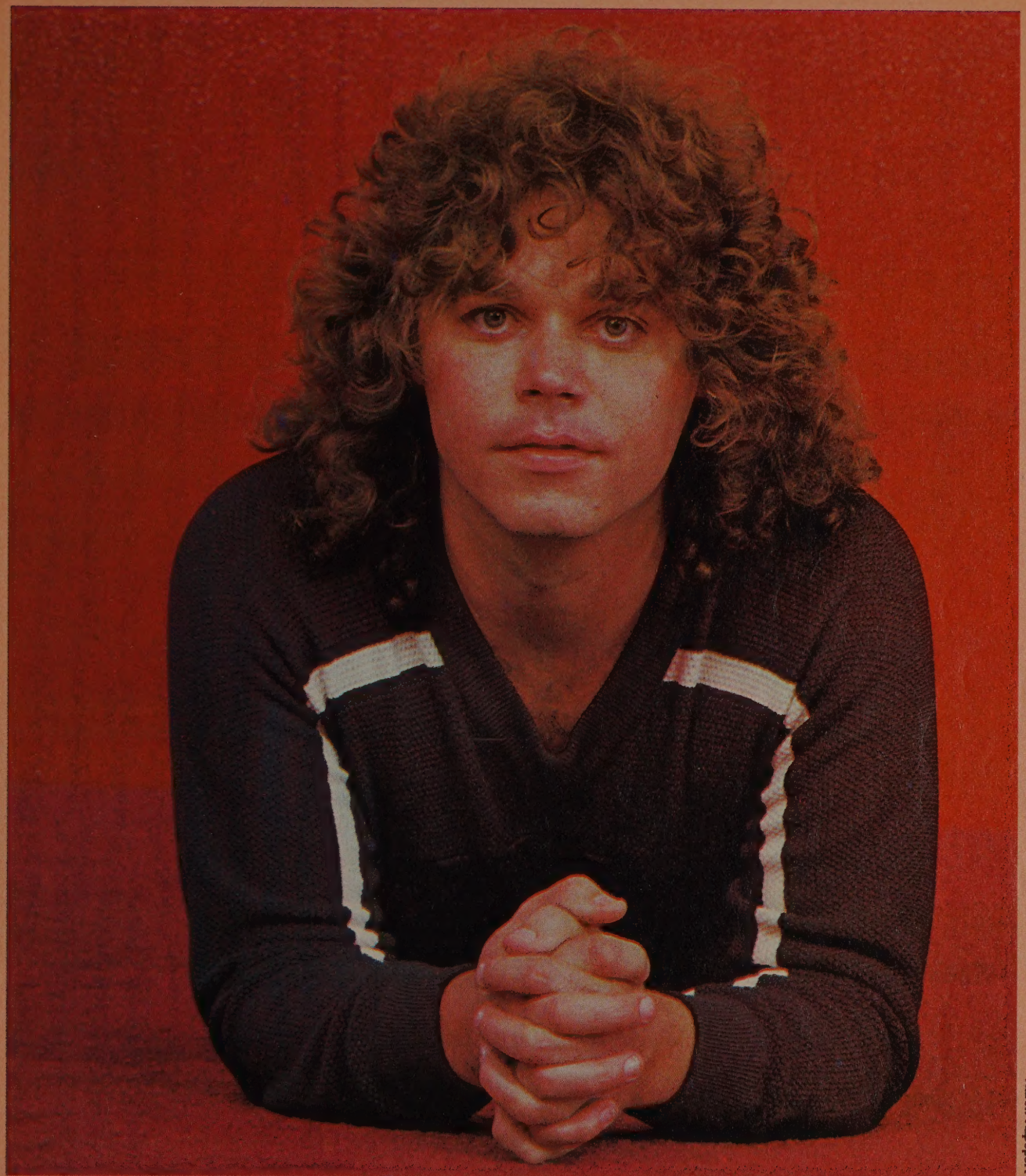
You'd think after 12 albums of trying to convince the world they could rock, Kevin Cronin and Gary Richrath would slow down for a while, listen to old studio jams of REO playing *Wild Thing* and *Gloria*, or just watch videos of themselves till dawn.

Not these musical boys, not in the business they're in, and especially not after struggling so hard to attain #1. 1981 was "Year Of The Speedwagon." **Hi InFidelity** was the top *pop* (and rock) album of last year, out-playing such household names as Kenny Rogers, Barbra Streisand and Neil Diamond. But these guys are *scared!* Don't worry, though, it's a healthy fear.

In the music biz, with contenders like J. Geils and Stevie Nicks pulling at your crown, you don't lie back on your hammock too long. But where do you go after hitting the top? Barbados, to gather seashells? Alaska, to cruise the glaciers? Now that may sound like being condemned to a life of luxury to some, but if the new album doesn't top the charts for 16 straight weeks like **Hi InFidelity** did, then it could be curtains for the ol' Speedwagon, even if the curtains are velvet.

Yet, you'll never catch REO worrying about tomorrow, and that goes for the rest of the group: Alan Gratzer, Neal Doughty and Bruce Hall.

"At this point, we're really doing this for the fun of it and for the need to do it," says Cronin, surveying his new pool/tennis court/studio-equipped palace in Encino, California, "because obviously, we don't need any more *stuff*."



Aaron Rapoport

REO lead guitarist, Gary Richrath: "There are probably still some that figured we'd screw up this time."

Ironically, relationships with wives and lovers have only been strengthened by **Hi InFidelity,** the confessional masterwork that elevated REO to the summit of success.

"The thing is, it's not boring," emphasizes Cronin about his upscaled lifestyle. "The problem is, and Gary will attest to this, I have at least one to five nervous breakdowns every day, so how could I be bored?"

"Exactly," confirms Richrath, laughing at the suggestion that Cronin practices crackups just to stay in shape. "Just remember the good old days! We create our own little problems."

"I'd rather think of a problem before it happens than after the album is out," chimes Cronin.

"Just make up a problem," Richrath chips in. "It gives us something to talk about for a couple of hours."

"We can sit and say how smoothly everything went (with **Good Trouble**) and how much fun it was — it certainly was fun and certainly did go smooth — but a lot of the mental work is done when Gary and I are sitting at home, thinking, 'Wait a minute, we've gotta write 10 more songs. What's on my mind this year? What do I have to say to the next six million kids who buy this record?'

"Before, it didn't matter because

we got into the groove of our records being stiffs, and now..."

"90% of this job is half mental," chirps Richrath. "It's easy to do when it's fun."

"I don't know, it's fun but it's not *easy*..."

"It's *easy* to get intense about making an album because it's *fun* to do. It's *hard* to do it, and it makes us crazy. But after the last album, it's like, 'Hey, that was good, now let's make a better one!' To make a better one than **Hi InFidelity?! Hi InFidelity** was pretty good. I listened to it the other day, and it was a pretty good record."

Richrath went on: "So when I listened to what we'd done before, I said, 'I'm either going to consider myself over the hill and put out an album just to put out an album, or else I'm going to make a better one.' It was hard to make the last one. It was hard to make this one. It will be hard to make the next one."

"Yeah, hard and fun at the same time, kind of like *parking*, you know," Cronin sums up, talking over Richrath, his longtime singing/songwriting partner. Together they collapse into a fit of laughter.

When the air clears, Richrath explains that over the hill is "not an age. You can be 50 and still do it (he's 32). As long as you're doing something creative and challenging yourself, then that is motivation enough..."

Agrees Cronin: "The hardest part is just to challenge yourself. Before we were challenging the world..."

The easier part came for Richrath when: "We did the right thing for once with our last album, so why change? It's not like we said, 'Let's make a followup.' We did exactly what we wanted to do on the last album and it did great, and we knew exactly what we wanted to do on this album, and I'm real confident **Good Trouble** is going to do great, too."

From cover concept to album title, **Good Trouble** is very much the followup to **Hi InFidelity.** The cover answers the question posed by the last LP jacket: What did happen that night in the hotel room? The hotel maid on the cover of **Good Trouble,** looking through the open door of the room, suggests that there will be a followup to the followup, sort of a rock soap opera on the road.

Powered by *Keep The Fire Burnin', Sweet Time, Back In My Heart Again* and *Every Now And Then*, **Good Trouble** stacks up remarkably well against **InFidelity**'s *Keep On Lovin' You, Take It On The Run, Don't Let Him Go* and *In Your Letter*, which sold three million copies combined. Musically, the *quality* and *energy* is there.

Aaron Rapoport

REO Speedwagon, from left: Gary Richrath, Alan Gratzer (top row); Kevin Cronin, Bruce Hall, Neal Doughty (bottom row).

"There's bad trouble and there's good trouble. Bad trouble, you go to jail. Good trouble, you just stay up all night."

"Writing songs is hard," says Kevin. "It's like going out, and, especially in our position, you gotta risk getting in trouble. For a while nobody wanted to call the album **Good Trouble** because we thought *we* might get in trouble, but if you don't take a risk in doing something..."

"The album's about the shadier aspects of the road," teases Richrath, who frequently writes about his very steady girlfriend Debbie Mackron in his songs (*Take It On The Run, In Your Letter*). "It's all in the songs."

"For some reason," Cronin tries to put it all in perspective, "when Gary and I grow up we'll probably stop being a band. I've been in a band since I was 12 years old, and it's fun.

"Before **Hi InFidelity,**" he continues, "people were at the point of writing us off. They just figured that REO Speedwagon has been around for a long time, and boy, they really had a lot of perseverance but they never quite made it. And then we put out **Hi InFidelity** and fooled everybody."

Adds Richrath: "And there are probably still some that figured

Jeffrey Mayer

Dueling guitarists Hall and Richrath: "REO takes a ballad and makes a rock and roll song out of it."

we'd screw up this time..."

"We very easily could of," says Cronin. "We very easily might next time, but this time we didn't."

"Someday we're gonna," twinkles Richrath, "but not for a while."

REO has absolutely no intention of shedding its rock edge for the ballad pastures of *Keep On Lovin' You*. That's why the red-hot *Keep The Fire Burnin'* was released as the first single from **Good Trouble** instead of *Sweet Time*. Cronin, Richrath & Co. would rather retire than put out the fire, and they have the power to keep hit records coming.

Says Cronin: "We're in the fortunate position where we can write and produce the songs, so that they wind up sounding the way we want them to. Ever since we've been producing the records ourselves we've discovered that we're probably the oldest kids in the country. It turns out that if we like it, the kids usually like it. And, when I say kids, there are 40-year-old kids and there are 16-year-old kids — there's a little bit of kid in everybody. That's why we call the album **Good Trouble,** because you can get in trouble, you can have fun from the day you're born till the day you die. You can keep having fun."

Just how does Cronin define trouble?

"There's bad trouble and there's good trouble. Bad trouble, you go to jail. Good trouble, you just stay up all night."

Cronin defines REO's music as "rock and roll, high energy songs, and on our slowest ballad the drum still comes in and goes BOOM! And the guitar comes in," he turns to guitarist Richrath, "you crank it up. There's power there. We could have taken *Keep On Lovin' You* and sold it to Barry Manilow and it might still have been a hit song. But it wouldn't have been the same as the way REO Speedwagon did *Keep On Lovin' You*. And that's the thing.

"REO takes a ballad and makes a rock and roll song out of it. There's nobody who does that better than we do. At the same time we made a niche by being a hard-driving, screaming, jumping-around, high-energy rock and roll band. On an album we can do both those things, and in a show we can do both those things, so..."

So look both ways when crossing the street. Stop. Look. Listen. The ol' Speedwagon's out of the firehouse and on the road again, this time to *Keep The Fire Burnin'*.□

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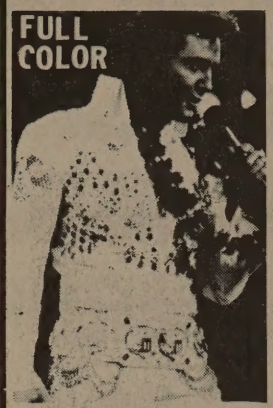

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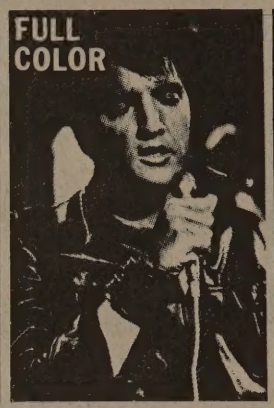

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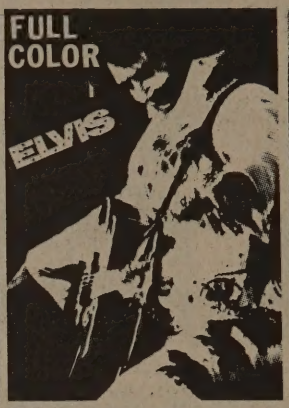

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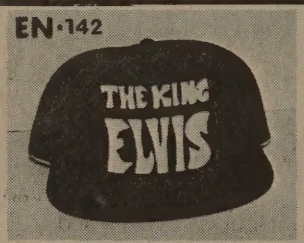

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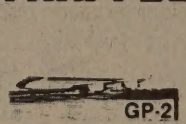
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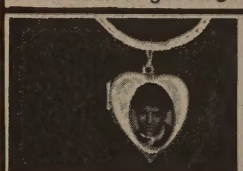

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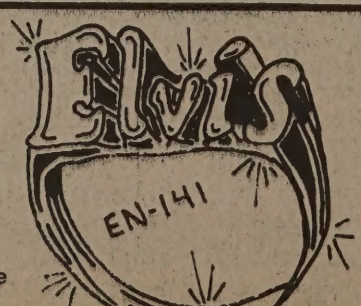

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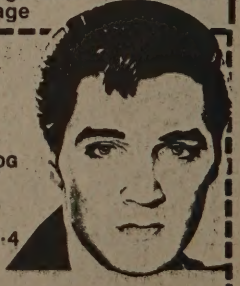

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WE READ YOUR Mail

In a recent **Hit Parader,** a couple of your readers wrote about rock bands and satanism. Big fricken deal! They listened to *Stairway To Heaven* backwards. I've heard it too, but I still listen faithfully to Led Zeppelin.

Gary Walker
Port Angeles, Washington

All these Satan/Rock comparisons are driving me up a wall. I'm a good Catholic, but I also love rock.

Stan Lapinski
Naples, Florida

I'm not putting down any groups, but I can't understand AC/DC, Black Sabbath, Ozzy Osbourne and Rush. I like the music, but their lyrics are all messed up. It seems all these groups can sing about is Satan, witchcraft and hell. I saw Ozzy in concert not too long ago. He came on stage with a cross. It was a regular cross, but there was a little cross upside down on it. Rush uses the witchcraft pentagram as its logo. People just need to realize what these groups are all about.

Bobby Lehman
Kanown, Oklahoma

Heavy Metal ain't Satan's music. If you want to play it backwards, you are a retarded asshole.

George J. Williams
San Antonio, Texas

We are writing about a letter in a recent **Hit Parader.** These girls wrote in about how you could hear praise for Satan if you played records like Kiss, AC/DC and Led Zeppelin backwards. We are pretty sick of hearing this. We have never heard this ourselves but even so, let them think what they want — rock is the best!

Lisa R. & Jill L.
Cape May, New Jersey

People who listen to records backwards for Satanic messages are corrupting their own minds thinking there is going to be something on there.

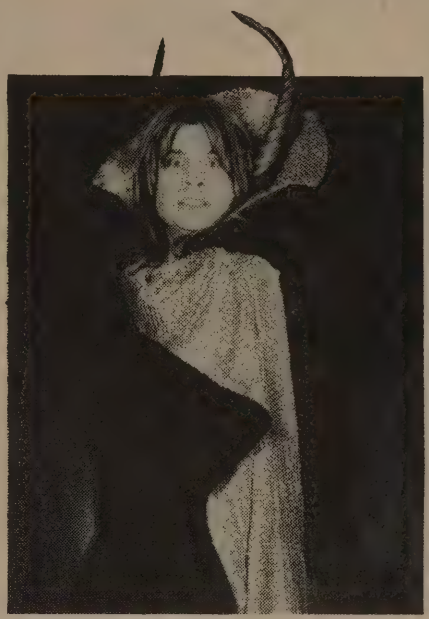
Lisa Mader
New Orleans, Louisiana

I am sick of people talking about playing records backwards and hearing devil worshipping. If you want to really hear something backwards, listen to Hall and Oates. You can hear them getting gay with each other.

Anonymous
Macon, Illinois

The people who say that rock and roll music and the various groups are devil worshippers are ignorant and don't know what rock music is all about. It's just music! It relieves people from all the everyday problems. If anything, it helps people.

Steve Crocker
Orange Park, Florida



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Jethro Tull Knighthood For King Leer

Exclusive Interview With Ian Anderson.

by Joey Berlin

Jethro Tull, from left: Gerry Conway, Peter-John Vettese, Ian Anderson, David Pegg, Martin Barre.

Sir Ian Anderson? Looking back at Jethro Tull's 14 years of gold albums and sell-out shows, the minstrel of Elizabethan rock thinks he's due for a title.

"I was working this out," explains Anderson. "We've sold 20 million records, that represents about 80 million pounds (or $150 million) that we've actually brought into the U.K. And if I was in another line of business, making chairs or selling corn flakes, I would probably get some kind of letters after my name. Not just me, what about Queen and Genesis! We all ought to be knighted!"

Does this talk of knighthood mean it's time to cash in Jethro Tull's chips? Has Anderson come to personify his most famous song title: *Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll, Too Young To Die?*

"There are times when I feel too old, that I can't do it again," admits Anderson. "The mood passes once you get that infusion of energy. You see there are people out there waiting for you or buying your record. Then it all comes back.

"What I really enjoy doing is actually continuing to compete in the live concert scene. Just to survive, with the competition that exists, especially in an economic recession with fewer tickets and albums being sold, brings out my competitive nature. The main excitement lies in being a musician who's been around for 14 years now and yet still being able to compete with the latest and the greatest that the world has to offer."

Jethro Tull's latest, if not necessarily its greatest, is **Broadsword And The Beast**, the group's first LP without Anderson as producer. Actually, Ian first considered using an outside producer a decade ago. But he was advised against it by a veteran producer who suggested that since Anderson had been doing alright by himself he should continue to work things out alone.

Yet, as work on the latest album ran almost a year behind schedule, Paul Samwell-Smith was called in as Jethro Tull's first outside producer, which lifted one burden from Ian's shoulders. Anderson, however, still must deal with his split personalities.

"There's a terrible discrepancy between me in real life and me up on stage," he says. "It's two different people, which creates a serious problem for me as a writer who must bring these opposites together. Each one seems to destroy the other's credibility.

"I've never even danced with a girl in my life. I've never been to a disco. I'm actually a very self-conscious performer unless I'm doing what comes naturally. Therefore, what I do while performing is a brave leap, very abandoned, wild and aggressive, but I'm just doing what comes out. I certainly don't think about the commercial aspects of it, because I would get so terrified I wouldn't be able to go out there at all."

Anderson may not be concerned with the commercial ramifications of his music, but he is very much concerned about his unusual non-musical business venture — fish farming.

"I own a salmon farm where I breed and rear salmon to be sold for money," reports Anderson. "Raising salmon is not unlike going into music. It's statistically unlikely you will succeed, but it's worth having a go because it's different, it's exciting and it's a challenge. My own private interest in the ecological and sociological legacy of my side of the world is quite serious. And to make use of resources is important, since I am the lawful owner of a sizeable chunk of the British Isles. It's not just an investment, it's employment for people, it's growth along fairly traditional lines using modern methods."

Having steered Jethro Tull through the treacherous waters of rock stardom for so long, wouldn't it be ironic if the Queen of England someday bestows a title upon Ian Anderson: Fish Farmer.□

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

UFO's PHIL MOGG
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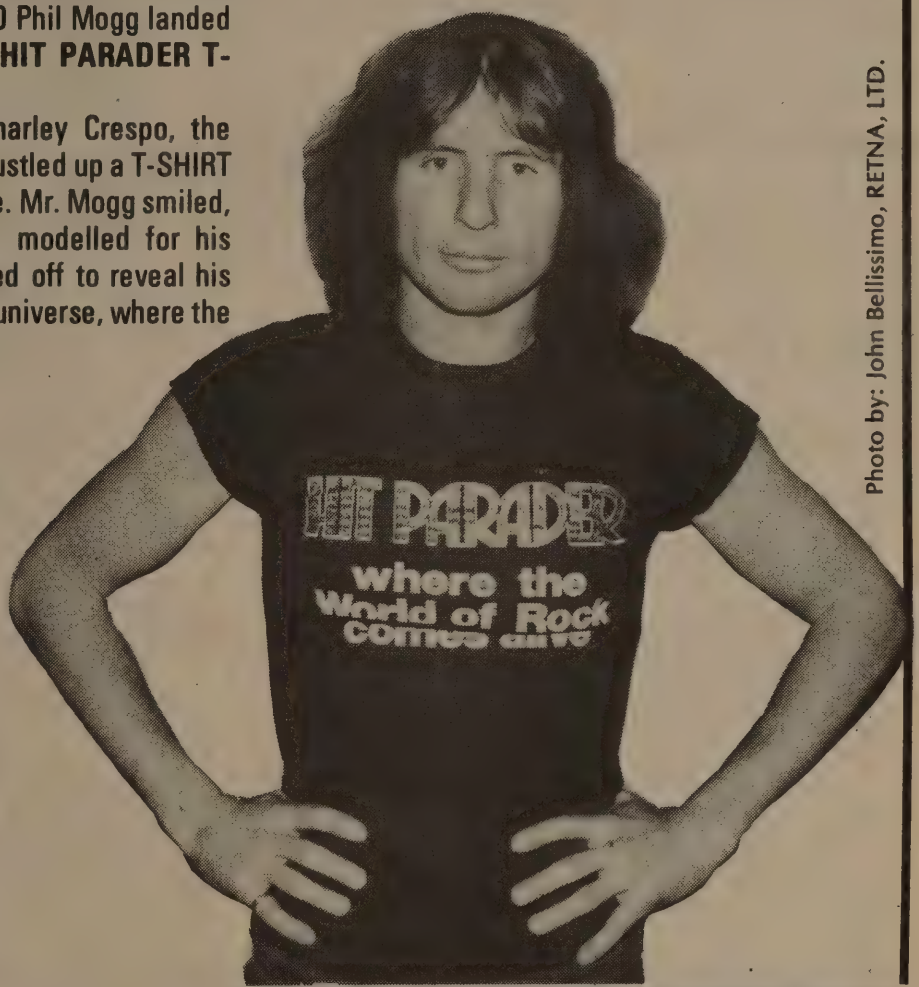

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DOUBLE TROUBLE

by Andy Secher

RIOT

"This is the album that's really gonna break down the doors for us," Riot's fun-loving drummer Sandy Slavin said in regard to the band's latest vinyl effort, **Restless Breed.** "We've been building up our following over the last couple of years, and we all feel that this is the perfect time for Riot to break loose. There aren't too many other American bands that are willing, or able, to play heavy metal, and we want the distinction of being recognized as the best American heavy metal band around."

Riot, from left: Rick Ventura, Kip Leming, Rhett Forrester, Sandy Slavin, Mark Reale.

Slavin's positive attitude comes in the wake of a year that's proved to be extremely difficult for this five-man band from Brooklyn. Following highly successful tours of England (where they're already headliners) and the States, band founder and lead vocalist Guy Speranza decided to put away his rock and roll shoes and retire. His decision left the band in what Slavin admitted was, "a rather precarious situation. Just when we thought everything was beginning to turn our way we found out that we didn't have a lead singer."

After recovering from the initial shock, Riot began recruiting a new vocalist by placing Want Ads in various music-oriented publications and holding auditions throughout the nation. One of the responses came from an Atlanta-based belter named Rhett Forrester, who, as Sandy explained, "just blew us away."

"He sent a video tape of himself that was just incredible. When we saw it we jumped out of our chairs and said, 'That's the guy we want.' He's fit in amazingly well. He helped write two tracks for the album (*Hard Lovin' Man* and *CIA*), and he really gave us a kick in the ass with his energy. He's got a better voice than Guy, so he opens up a whole new direction for us."

That new direction is fully explored on **Restless Breed,** where hard-rockin' cuts like *Loan Shark* and *Showdown* rumble with the power of a bull moose in heat. On their new album Riot shows that they've not only matured into one of America's best metal bands, but into one of the best hard rock acts in the world.

GIRLSCHOOL

Girlschool, from left: Kelly Johnson, Kim McAuliffe, Denise Dufort, Gil Weston.

What is this with chick headbangers? First we had Joan Jett, and now we get a quartet of female Fenderbenders called Girlschool, who seem intent on proving once and for all that heavy metal isn't exclusively a male domain.

On their debut stateside album **Hit and Run,** as well as on their latest, **Screaming Blue Murder,** group members Kelly Johnson (guitar/vocals), Kim McAuliffe (guitar/vocals), Denise Dufort (drums) and Gil Weston (bass) have managed to create a sound that will give male metal counterparts a run for their money.

"We've never been particularly conscious about breaking down barriers," Johnson explained. "We've always played the music that we liked, and that just happened to be metal. When we were growing up in England we always listened to Zeppelin and Sabbath, and always wanted to have a band like that someday. The fact that we're women does not stand in our way."

If their killer riffs, reckless rhythms and sure-handed solos are any indication, it seems that Girlschool is well prepared to hurdle any obstacle that may stand between them and success. From the full-bore fury of *Live With Me* to their raunchy remake of *ZZ* Top's classic *Tush,* they make music that will inspire any self-respecting female to trade in her knitting needles for a Strat and a Marshall stack.

"We feel we've already accomplished quite a bit," Johnson admitted. "But there's one major thing that we really want to do — that's become successful in America. We'll always hold our British fans closest to our hearts, but our dream is to become recognized in the States as well. We all feel **Screaming Blue Murder** is the product to accomplish that goal."□

Roots

SHOES

Each month *HitParader* takes a rock act back to the old neighborhood. This month we tread with the Shoes to Zion, Illinois.

by Cary Baker

Linda Madow

Skip Meyer, Jeff Murphy, John Murphy and Gary Klebe: "Aren't you in a *band?*"

Sections of Zion, Illinois, make the city appear to be Wonder Bread, America. With white frame houses stretching for miles beyond the Lions and Rotary signs that mark Chicago's city limits, it's no surprise **Chicago** magazine recently rated Zion 138th out of 152 windy city suburbs in "Culture Quotient."

Then there are the factors that make Zion *unlike* any other town of 20,000 — the nuclear reactor, for instance, is no pastoral neighbor to Illinois State Beach. True to its name, Zion is church-lineated, and the only radio station in town might be described as "Christian/Contemporary." There's a downtown shopping strip — which contained a record shop in the '60s and early '70s — and now hosts every imaginable fast-food franchise.

This hardly sounds like the kind of place that would spawn a major rock band. With no radio (except powerful WLS-AM out of Chicago), no concerts (save for an occasional local band that serenades on the Shiloh library lawn) and no clubs (sale of alcohol is forbidden within city limits), Zion has a nondistracting atmosphere for as instinctive a band as Shoes.

John and Jeff Murphy, Gary Klebe and Skip Meyer started to write songs in 1975. Trouble was, they didn't know how to play instruments or record. So they saved up dividends from their hard-earned paychecks, bought instruments and a four-track Teac, and recorded as they learned. Their "studio" was the living room of Jeff Murphy's rented white frame house.

The product of their experiments, the self-released **Black Vinyl Shoes** album, was actually their third LP (the first two, kept under lock and key, are valued collectors' items). It radiated with so much songwriting and recording craftsmanship that, in a short time, critics worldwide cited it in their 1978 year-end Top 10 lists. Soon, Shoes signed with a major record label, which recently released their third album, **Boomerang.**

Despite the fact Shoes are on the phone to New York and L.A. several times a day, Zion remains their base. They even manage to stay fairly anonymous despite their conspicuous occupation.

"There really aren't too many ways for them to find out about us," says John, bass player and one of three songwriter/vocalists in Shoes. "Not too many people in Zion subscribe to **Hit Parader.** If it isn't in the **Zion-Benton News,** many people don't know it's out there. Occasionally we'll get recognized at a K-Mart. People look up, then down, then ask, 'Aren't you in a *band*? Shoes?' It's as if they want a point for recognizing you. Okay, you get a point."

Shoes did make their residency formally known on May 23, 1981, when they brought theretofore unseen arsenals of guitars and amps to the Zion Ice Arena for the town's first full-scale concert. The MC was a DJ from a low-watt station in neighboring Waukegan. After the concert, Shoes and friends drove across city limits to buy a couple of six-packs and had a party at drummer Skip Meyer's house on Gomorrah Street.

Although they prefer their privacy in this beachfront hamlet that can't accurately be described as God-forsaken, their phone bills — filled with calls to area codes 212 and 213 — prove that business can be conducted wherever there's a telephone. They've been to the Manor studio in the U.K. to cut **Present Tense,** to Hollywood with producer Richard Dashut (Fleetwood Mac's perennial) to record last year's **Tongue Twister,** and to the heart of Chicago's Magnificent Mile to track **Boomerang.** But for now, there's no reason to permanently pull stakes.

After all, there's always Saturday night, with a large thin pizza, a sixer of Old Style and a date cancelled at the last minute on account of sudden illness, awaiting them in Zion.

And behind every escapade you can bet there's a Shoetune.□

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GOING TO A GO-GO

(As recorded by the Rolling Stones)

WILLIAM "Smokey" ROBINSON
WARREN MOORE
ROBERT ROGERS
MARVIN TARPLIN

Going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go
(Come on now)
Going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go
(Come on now).

Well there's a brand new place I've found-a
People coming from miles around-a
They come from everywhere
If you drop in there
You see everyone in town.

Going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go
(Come on now)
Don't you want to go
Well that's alright.

Going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go.

It doesn't matter if you're black
It doesn't matter if you're white
You take a $1.50, a six-pack of beer
And we gonna dance all night.

Going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go
(Come on now)
Don't you want to go
That's alright
Tell me.

Yeah don't you want to go
That's alright
Tell me
Going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go.

It doesn't matter if you come in drag
It doesn't come in stag
I'm telling everyone
To get down here
Every taxi that you flag
Is going to a go-go
(Everybody)
Going to a go-go
Don't you want to go
That's alright
Tell me
Yeah
It's alright
Yeah.

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HOLD ME

(As recorded by Fleetwood Mac)

CHRISTINE McVIE
ROBBIE PATTON

Can you understand me
Baby don't you hand me a line
Although it doesn't matter
You and me got plenty of time.

There's nobody in the future
So baby let me hand you my love
There's no step for you to dance to
So slip your hand inside my glove.

Hold me, hold me, hold me
Hold me, hold me, hold me.

I don't want no damage
How'm I gonna manage with you
You hold the percentage
But I'm the fool payin' the dues.

I'm just around the corner
If you got a minute to spare
I'll be waitin' for you
If you ever wanna be there.

Hold me, hold me, hold me
Hold me, hold me, hold me.

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HEAT OF THE MOMENT

(As recorded by Asia)

JOHN WETTON
GEOFFREY DOWNES

I never meant to be so bad to you
One thing I said that I would never do
A look from you and I would fall from grace
And that would wipe the smile right from my face.

Do you remember when we used to dance
An incident arose from circumstance
One thing led to another we were young
And we would scream together songs unsung.

It was the heat of the moment
Tellin' you what our hearts meant
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

And now you find yourself in '82
The disco hot foot's hold the jump for you
You can't concern yourself with bigger things
You catch and pull and ride the dragon's wings.

'Cause it's the heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

And when your looks are gone and you're alone
How many nights you sit beside the phone
What were the things you wanted for yourself
Teenage ambitions you remember well.

It was the heat of the moment
Tellin' you what your heart meant
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

It was the heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

Heat of the moment
Heat of the moment
Heat of the moment.

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NO ONE LIKE YOU

(As recorded by Scorpions)

RUDOLF SCHENKER
KLAUS MEINE

Girl it's been a long time that we've been apart
Much too long for a man who needs love
I miss you since I've been away
Babe it wasn't easy to leave you alone
It's getting harder each time that I go
If I had the choice
I would stay.

There's no one like you
I can't wait for the nights with you
I imagine the things we'll do
I just wanna be loved by you.

No one like you
I can't wait for the nights with you
I imagine the things we'll do
I just wanna be loved by you.

Girl there are really no words strong enough
To describe all my longing for love
I don't want my feelings restrained
Ooh babe I just need you like never before
Just imagine you'd come through this door
You'd take all my sorrow away.

There's no one like you
I can't wait for the nights with you
I imagine the things we'll do
I just wanna be loved by you.

No one like you
I can't wait for the nights with you
I imagine the things we'll do
I just wanna be loved by you.
(Repeat)

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HOLLYWOOD (Down On Your Luck)

(As recorded by Thin Lizzy)

SCOTT GORHAM
PHILIP LYNOTT

They say people out in Hollywood
Live their life out in black and white
They're living out a Technicolour dream
Next day they're a star overnight
Not like in New York
Man it's tougher
Not like in London town
Boy you suffer.

Nobody give a break
When you're down on your luck
Ev'rybody's on the take
When you're down on your luck
You can't make a mistake
When you're down on your luck.

People out in Hollywood
They got a lot of class
You see the boys strutting down the boulevard
Trying to make a pass
Not like in New York
It's high rise, it's concrete and complex
Not like in old London town
It reigns down on its subjects.

Nobody give a damn
When you're down on your luck
Nobody understands
When you're down on your luck
Lady Chance she won't dance
When you're down on your luck.

People out in Hollywood
They can make it to the stars
They can reach the screen
Drive around in big expensive convertible cars
Not like in New York
All you've got is Broadway
Not like the West End of London
You can't make it no way.

Nobody give a damn
When you're down on your luck
Nobody understands
When you're down on your luck
Lady Chance she won't dance
When you're down on your luck.

You've got to strut your stuff
When you're down on your luck
You can't take it easy
It ain't good enough
When you're down on your luck
Ev'rybody's on the make
When you're down on your luck
Nobody gives a fair deal
When you're down on your luck
Nobody understands my Uncle Sam
When you're down on your luck
I'm ready for the dance
When you're down on your luck
I gotta make a dollar holler
When you're down on your luck
Mama, mama, mama, mama
When you're down on your luck.

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DANCING IN THE STREET

(As recorded by Van Halen)

WILLIAM STEVENSON
MARVIN GAYE
IVY HUNTER

Calling out around the world
Are you ready for a brand new beat
Summer's here and the time is right
For dancing in the street
They're dancing in Chicago
Down in New Orleans
Up in New York City
All we need is music, sweet music
There'll be music everywhere
There'll be swinging, swaying, records playing
Dancing in the street.

Oh it doesn't matter what you wear
Just as long as you are there
So come on ev'ry guy grab a girl
Ev'rywhere around the world
They'll be dancing
They're dancing in the street.

It's just an invitation across the nation
A chance for folks to meet
There'll be laughing, singing, music swinging
Dancing in the street
Philadelphia, PA
Baltimore and D.C. now
Can't forget the Motor City
All we need is music, sweet music
There'll be music everywhere
There'll be swinging, swaying, records playing
Dancing in the street.

Oh it doesn't matter what you wear
Just as long as you are there
So come on ev'ry guy grab a girl
Ev'rywhere around the world.

Dancing
They're dancing in the street
Way down in L.A.
Every day
Dancing in the street.

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WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I

(As recorded by Rick Springfield)

RICK SPRINGFIELD

I wonder who she's seein' tonight
Is she really goin' out with him
He's not her type
And doin' all the things
She used to do to me
Well I'd say somethin' to her
But I get so jealous
When I think of her lovin' somebody else
And I can't think why we ever let go
I must have been crazy.

Tell me
What kind of fool am I
To just let go
To just let go like that
What kind of fool am I
To lose you.

She was cold sometimes
But she made me feel alive
She was such a spoiled baby
But baby she could love
And she loved me like nobody ever will again
I thought we'd be together
When the world ran down
When the curtain fell
And the lights came up
But the gods or whatever make the world go 'round
Shuffled when they should've cut.

Tell me
What kind of fool am I
To just let go
To just let go like that
What kind of fool am I
To lose you.

Did it come too easy to the two of us
Did we go too wrong to ever make it right
Were we too busy checkin' out the left hand
That we didn't see the right
Oh tell me
That we didn't see the right
Oh tell me
What kind of fool am I
To just let go
To just let go like that
What kind of fool am I
Oh baby please
Oh baby please come back
I meant to say in time baby
We could work it out
But I never meant to say goodbye
Tell me
What kind of fool am I
What kind of fool am I
What kind of fool am I
To lose you.

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Jerry Reed has that something extra

Buddy Blackmon, Kerry Marx, Duncan Mullins, Jerry, David Blackmon

After a two-year hiatus from the concert stage, Jerry's back, playing and singing his heart out. Already ranked as a top country instrumentalist, Reed continues to strive for perfection. He's hard on himself, and also demands the best from his band—in technical expertise, calibre of musicianship and achieving the right blend for the stage and the recording studio.

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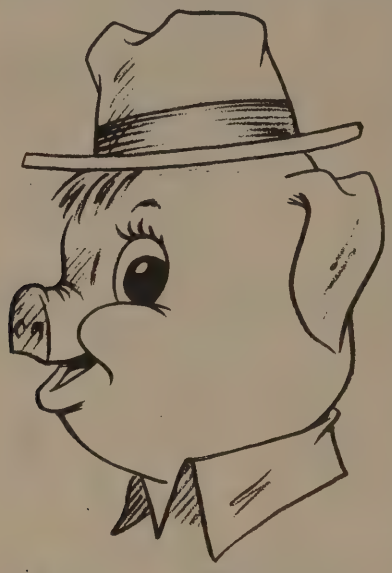

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EYE OF THE TIGER (The Theme From "Rocky III")

(As recorded by Survivor)

JIM PETERIK
FRANK SULLIVAN III

Risin' up back on the street
Took my time, took my chances
Went the distance now I'm back on my feet
Just a man and his will to survive.
So long ago it happened too fast
Traded passion for glory
Lost my grip on the dreams of my past
Now I fight just to keep in line.

It's the eye of the tiger
It's the thrill of the fight
Risin' up to the challenge of our rival
And the last known survivors in the night
And his the eye of the tiger.

Face to face out in the heat
Hangin' tough but stayin' hungry
They stack the odds
Still we take to the streets
For the kill and the skill to survive.
(Repeat chorus)

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STILL THEY RIDE

(As recorded by Journey)

S. PERRY
N. SCHON
J. CAIN

Jesse rides through the night
Under the Main Street light
Ridin' slow.

This ol' town ain't the same
Now nobody knows his name
Times have changed
Still he rides.

Traffic lights keepin' time
Oh leading the wild and restless
Through the night.

Still they ride
On wheels of fire
They rule the night
Still they ride
The strong will survive
Chasing thunder.

Spinning 'round in a spell
Oh it's hard to leave this carousel
'Round and 'round
And 'round and 'round.

Still they ride
On wheels of fire
They rule the night.

Still they ride
On wheels of fire
They rule the night
Still they ride.

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THIS MAN IS MINE

(As recorded by Heart)

ANN WILSON
SUE ENNIS
NANCY WILSON

Now everybody in this neighborhood
All you women better listen good
I know it's just a matter of time
Till one of you steps out of line
All I got is this to say
Simple message to relay
Get out of here and just keep away
'Cos this man is mine
This man is mine
This man, this man is mine.

I know the women 'round here recognize something good
Even try to take it if they could
So I'm using every little trick I know
Making sure that he won't go
I put up all my resistance
All you girls you better keep your distance
We don't need no more of your assistance.
This man is mine
This man is mine
This man, this man is mine.

He got passion burning in his eyes
Steaming up the night
Always makes me realize
What I done was right.
This man is mine
This man is mine
This man, this man is mine
(Gonna love him
Gonna teach him
Gonna tell him
Gonna reach him).

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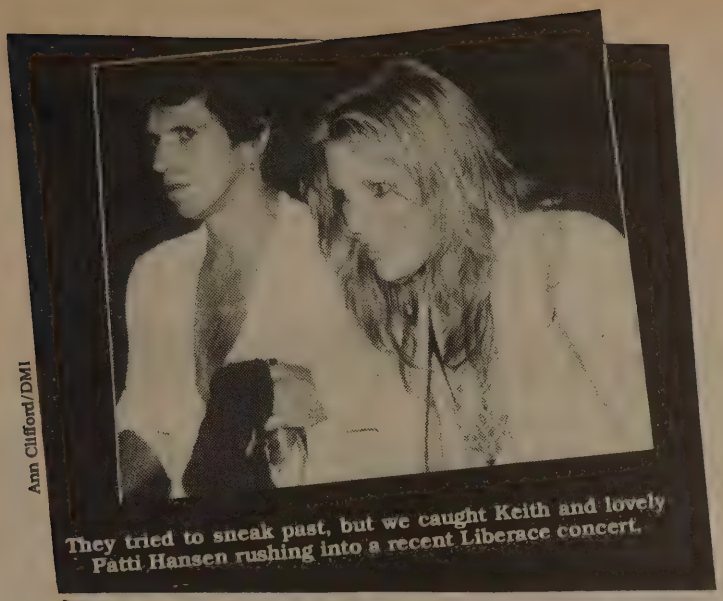
Rock & Roll Revue



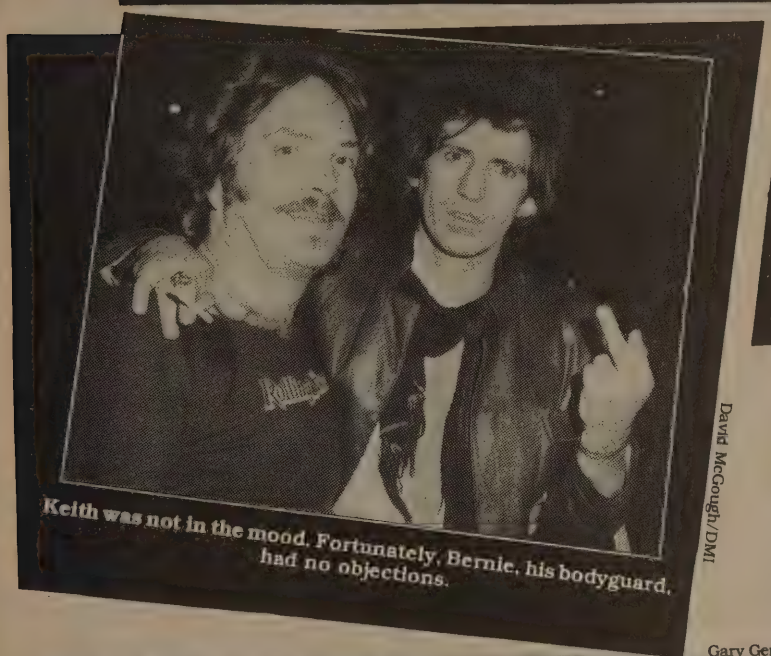
Ann Clifford/DMI

They tried to sneak past, but we caught Keith and lovely Patti Hansen rushing into a recent Liberace concert.

David McGough/DMI

Mick, caught with long-time heartthrob model Jerry Hall: Was it good for you, too, darling?

With the release of their live LP, *Still Life*, the Rolling Stones are with us once again, thank God. Naturally *Hit Parader*'s ace photogs had no choice but to follow them around New York City, flashing at every opportunity.

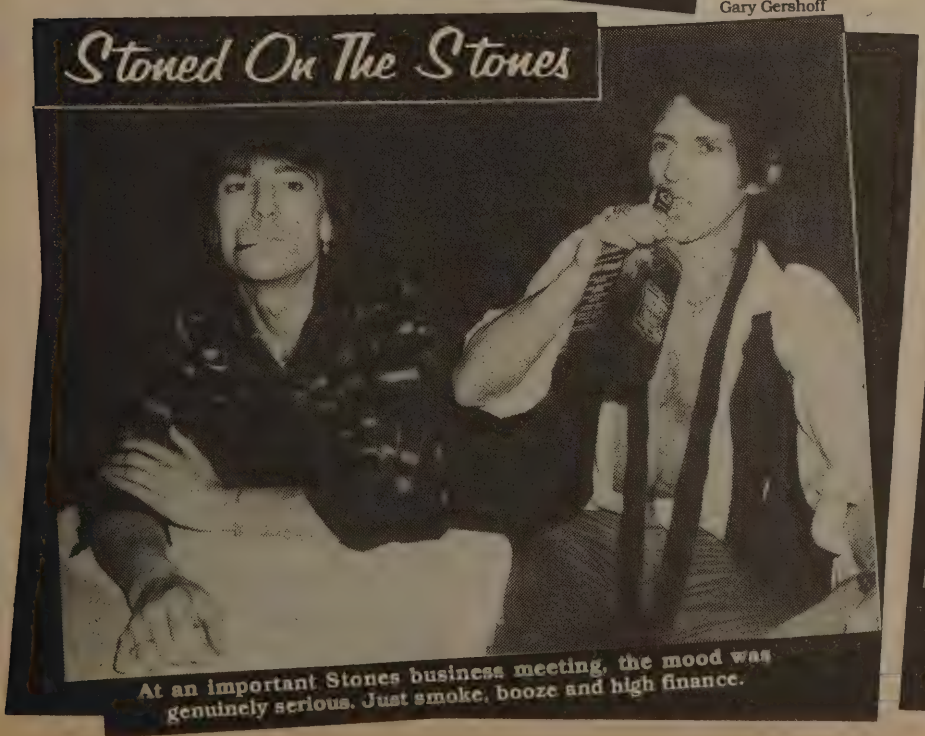


David McGough/DMI

Keith was not in the mood. Fortunately, Bernie, his bodyguard, had no objections.

Stoned On The Stones

Gary Gershoff



At an important Stones business meeting, the mood was genuinely serious. Just smoke, booze and high finance.

Paul McAlpine/LGI

Ron Wood and his girlfriend Kim were spotted on their way to the hospital. It seems her lips were mysteriously glued shut.

Record Reviews

HEAVY METAL vs. HARD CORE

by Roy Trakin

Will The Twain Ever Meet?

Heavy metal was a phrase first coined by William Burroughs, but it was the late Lester Bangs who applied it to a very specific brand of rock and roll. Working as the editor of **CREEM** Magazine in the early to mid-'70s, Lester championed the idiom represented by such Detroit-based bands of the time as Grand Funk Railroad, MC5, Alice Cooper, Bob Seger and the Stooges.

The genre was rooted in the esthetics of excess; it was "third generation" '50s rock and roll, twice removed from Elvis by being filtered through Anglo-blooze bands like Cream, Led Zeppelin and the Yardbirds. Heavy metal music was comically bloated with screeching, high-register guitar riffs, banshee-like wailing vocals, thunderously thudding bass and pounding, chest-heaving percussion — all prone to fifteen-minute solos.

Time was when heavy metal used t'be fun. Black Sabbath's mind-blowing **Masters of Reality** was a monomaniacal scream; the first record which could be played at either 33, 45 or even 78 RPM depending on your frame of mind. Alice Cooper's *School's Out*, Grand Funk's *We're An American Band* and Brownsville Station's *Smoking In The Boy's Room* were brilliant hit singles, three-minute distillations of teenage experience that got their point across with a winning combination of noise, humor and, almost incidentally, old-fashioned melodies and sure-fire hooks.

Heavy metal fans have always been serious about their music; they believe it is the only true rock and roll. They can be as elitist as opera-lovers when it comes to judging whether something fits the mold, and they won't tolerate either self-parody or consciousness.

Today, bands like AC/DC, Foreigner, Styx, Rush, Loverboy and Scorpions make it; so far, groups such as Black Flag, Motorhead, Fear, Bad Brains and T.S.O.L. have not. In the past, such great past practitioners of the form as the Velvet Underground, the Dictators, MC5, the Stooges or the New York Dolls faced the same alienation and ultimate lack of success. Can somber heavy metal and playful punk ever co-exist in peace? Or am I doomed to receive hate mail from **Hit Parader** readers lambasting me for daring to call AC/DC the great punk/heavy metal hopes?

Heavy metal rock and roll used to represent the ultimate rebellious pose, but its strutting machismo and hedonism have rigidified into a hopelessly reflective ritual. But, just as this tottering dinosaur was threatened with extinction by the New Wave, the old beast got his act together, added some harmonies and corny symphonics, and stormed FM radio, the former bastion of progressivism. The result — good ole' heavy metal is as healthy as ever, and not just the well-tooled veterans, who have trod a profitable middle road to respectability and megabucks.

There are a whole slew of new heavy metal bands who take their cue from the same sources — Cream, Led Zep, Bad Company, Journey, Foreigner — but also manage to incorporate the amphetamine influence of the punkers. This would include such hybrids as L.A.'s Motley Crue, UK's Girlschool, Baltimore's Kix, even anachronistic, glittered vets like NY's Twisted Sister.

Heavy metal rules, alright, but it's certainly not telling us anything it didn't 10 years ago, and that's why hard core bands like Black Flag, Fear, 45 Grave, Circle Jerks and Bad Brains are so refreshing. While they don't boast the virtuosity or professionalism of their competition on radio, they take us back to the "Hard! Fast! Loud!" basics of rock and roll and its most exaggerated form — heavy metal.

The following is a brief survey of current product. The first batch is what most **Hit Parader** readers will recognize as their favorite records — Blue Oyster Cult, Rainbow, Iron Maiden, Scorpions. The second set will be stuff you're probably not familiar with.

Mark my words, if you love AC/DC (which, of course, you do) then, within five years, you will be fanatic about a band that recklessly (but seamlessly) fuses the grandiosity and mythos of heavy metal with the wit, political savvy and blinding speed of hardcore punk. Just wait and see.

Does Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson screech like he's possessed?

Iron Maiden: **The Number of the Beast** Harvest/Capitol. This English quintet doesn't even bother to backwards-mask its satanism. They come right out with the devil worship amid the wildly careening guitar solos and frenzied, full-throttled vocals. Ever notice the way HM vocalists screech like they're possessed? Unpleasantly apocalyptic.

Motorhead: **Iron Fist** (Mercury/PolyGram) Like AC/DC, these pagan bikers represent the longed-for intermingling of hardcore and heavy metal. Unlike their Aussie comrades, though, Lemmy and Company have failed to cross-over the Atlantic in any great numbers to the American metal mavens, and no wonder. Their no-apologies, non-stop, speed-raunch and roll is too clever and bitterly uncompromising to ever sit well with

Pagan bikers Motorhead combine hard core with heavy metal.

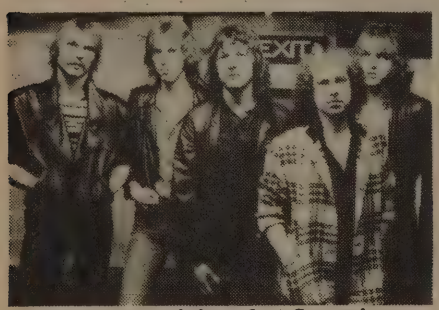
conservative AOR radio programmers. Dese guys can buzzsaw in my lumber yard anytime.

Rainbow: **Straight Between The Eyes** (Mercury/PolyGram) Vet guitarist Ritchie Blackmore and bassist/producer Roger Glover are veritable godfathers of heavy metal, having popularized the form with Deep Purple. Neither has managed to duplicate that success with Rainbow, so you can't blame them for streamlining the group's sound to capitalize on the FM airplay they garnered with last year's *I Surrender*. The latest single, *Stone Cold*, goes the Styx/Rush/Kiss route to respectability with surprising tunefulness, while the closing *Eyes of Fire* recalls the

Rainbow's Ritchie Blackmore has earned the right to be mellow.

unlikely symphonics of Purple's previous, much-maligned experiments with a classical orchestra. Ritchie Blackmore is one guy who's more than earned the right to be mellow.

Blue Oyster Cult: **Extraterrestrial Live** (CBS) Old heavy metal bands never die, they just keep putting out live albums. Will Allen Lanier call his answering service? The best songs on this double-record set were written five years ago and the group's best writer, Albert Bouchard, has split. Wait for the Buck Dharma solo album.



It's not surprising that Scorpions have invaded the Top 10.

Scorpions: **Blackout** (Mercury/PolyGram) This long-standing German quintet isn't heading toward the American Top 10 after 11 years for nuthin'. Any group capable of the ramalama, blitzkrieg bop of *Now!* and *Dynamite*, as well as the sentimental balladry of *No One Like You* and the plaintive *When The Smoke Is Going Down*, remains a potent, Stateside chart threat, even if they do pronounce the title track "*blechout*." Legitimate dark horses. Good lyric: "I realize I missed a day/But I'm too wrecked to care anyway." Good guitar solo: the Velvets-like riff in *China White*

Fist: **Fleet Street** (Arista) With Loverboy, Aldo Nova and Rush, Canada has become a fertile terrain for progressive metallers with a penchant for shlock MOR arrangements encasing wild power chords. Toronto's Fist doesn't deviate from the conventions: Vocalist Ron Chenier alternates a growling rant with his own churning guitar solos while the keyboardist, Ivan Tessier, goes up and down in the timeless, Anglo-art rock tradition.

No matter how you slice it, Van Halen is shallow.

Van Halen: **Diver Down** (Warner Bros.) The current U.S. titleholders and America's answer to the absence of Led Zep illustrate precisely what's wrong with heavy metal today. Sure, this is sloppy, unpretentious good-natured fun, but its strength is pinned on the cover material strategically interspersed throughout the album to give it the hooks the band's own songs lack. Should the narcissistic celebration of pleasure be an end in itself, even if Eddie Van Halen can play his ass off? Shallow, no matter how you slice it.

*****

While the Van Halens and Scorpions still dominate the charts, a hardcore rock that is faster, more passionate, funnier, more political, more intense and more revolutionary is growing alongside the commercial mainstream. Punk rock, which every self-respecting record executive thought he had quashed years ago, has raised its ugly head once again.

In New York, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Berlin, London and San Francisco, three-chord nihilism has evolved into hardcore. Like heavy metal, hardcore has its origins in a leather-and-chain rebellion against the conventions of society. Unlike its bloated, plodding metal forebears, though, hardcore is still lean, mean, fast and hungry; some followers are even fanatically dedicated to the "straight edge" of abstinence from drugs, sex and drink, a puritanical reaction to heavy metal's pleasure worship.

If you like Van Halen's fuck-em-if-they-can't-take-a-joke version of life in the SoCal fast lane, have a taste of Black Flag's savage, demented epic, **Damaged** (SST Records). Guitarist Greg Ginn is guaranteed to blow away any HM guitarist extant, and that includes you, Mr. Bertinelli, er, Van Halen.

Also from El Lay, shattering the myth of citywide laid-backness, is political-minded T.S.O.L. (which stands for True Sounds of Liberty). Their latest LP, **Dance With Me** (Frontier Records), should delight fans of Iron Maiden's black magic with explicit necrophilia references. The compilation of L.A. horror-punk bands drawn equally from the spirits of Alice Cooper and the Damned, **Hell Come To Your House** (Bemisbrain Records), is notable for the appearance of 45 Grave, a shock-rock group that could cross over to the metal millions.

England's highly visible and political punk rock scene has produced its latest perversion, Oi, a working class, Cockney beer hall rant against injustice and inequity that many claim is alligned with the neo-fascistic National Front. A compilation of these skinhead bands, **Strength Through Oi!** (Skin 1), shows them to be merely the shaven offshoots of protest bands like the Clash, Stiff Little Fingers and Sham 69. For hardcore Slade and English football-chant fanatics only.

San Fernando Valley's Fear revive the wise-guy outrage of the Dictators for their debut, leaving no wonder as to why they were John Belushi's band of choice. Taking on the tyranny of stereotypes with hilarious, Lenny Bruce-like viciousness in a blues tradition, Fear's politics of hate inevitably turn off a generation that blindly idolizes Ozzy Osbourne, Judas Priest and Black Sabbath, and prefer the stylized, high-pitched yodelling of a Robert Plant to the natural ranting of someone like Fear's Lee Ving or Black Flag's Henry Rollins. Only totally obvious squeeze-my-lemon double-entendres like AC/DC's *Big Balls* and the Scorpions'

Bands like Circle Jerks are zeroing in on Van Halen's youth turf.

Dynamite satisfy their male, middle-brow notions of sexual metaphor.

Better face it, rapidly aging metallers, your domination is being eroded. Even as we speak, the Circle Jerks, who cover Garland Jeffreys' *Wild In The Streets*, Paul Revere and the Raiders' *Just Like Me* and Jackie De Shannon's *Put A Little Love In Your Heart* on their latest, **Wild In The Streets** (Faulty Products) are zeroing in on fellow Los Angelano Van Halen's own youth party turf.

And, what about New York's own (by way of Washington, D.C.'s burgeoning hardcore scene) Bad Brains, who turn the formerly lily-white conventions of heavy metal upside down by being both black and able to delve into dub, as demonstrated on their debut cassette (ROIR). As Bob Dylan once sang, "The times they are a-changing," and indeed they are. Better get hip to it, heavy metal freaks, before you get lost. The hardcore is coming.□

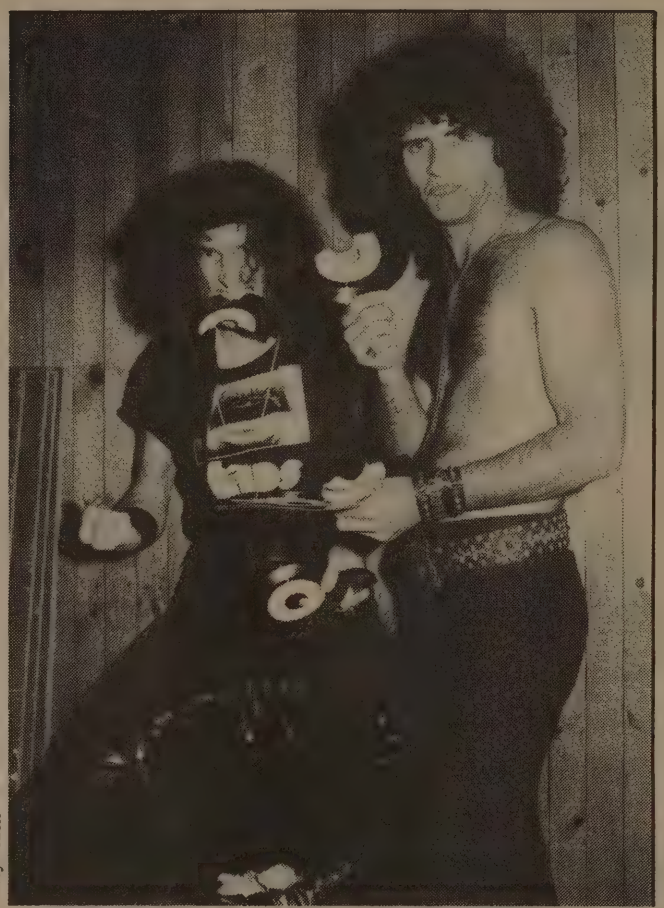
John Belushi's favorite band: Fear

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

KROKUS

Chris Von Rohr and Marc Storace of Krokus have been spending a lot of time away from their native Switzerland, since they've been touring the United States by bus. They swore that "there's nothing better than American radio. You hear a lot of '60s songs. In Europe, some radio people have already forgotten Led Zeppelin."

Ironically, they didn't feel as good about the latest batch of American 45s. We piled up most of the latest releases, but Rohr and Storace were only interested in weeding out the rock records. As we listened to the selections, much of their chatter was in an unknown foreign language. What follows are the English quotes we salvaged.



Larry Yellen

Krokus' Chris Von Rohr ("Bowie's voice reminds me of my grandfather when he's calling for breakfast") and Marc Storace ("Van Halen is becoming too jazzy; they're losing their balls").

Cat People (Putting Out Fire), **David Bowie**

Marc: Our old friend Bowie. He said Adolf was the greatest thing to happen to the Germans. For Krokus, he's another Adolf.

Chris: I wish that Nastassia Kinski was on the cover. Bowie's voice reminds me of my grandfather when he's calling for breakfast.

Marc: Me, I wouldn't buy this single; I'd see the movie. Bowie is not doing the same good things he was doing five years ago. He's in the background. Maybe he's getting too comfortable.

Kids In America, **Kim Wilde**

Chris: I say she should paint her hair black and become a backing vocalist for the Joan Jett combo, the Blackhearts.

Marc: No, Joan Jett is rock and roll! I'm not into this fashion rock, but I'm really into her body. Her music is precise, without soul. She could be doing better things, like giving me head.

Body Language, **Queen**

Marc: Back to the revival of Queen's experimental disco-rock. What's happened to hard rock? They don't rock anymore. This is a disappointment from my point of view. I'll bet they're happy selling in every disco in the world. What happened to *Bohemian Rhapsody* (he begins to sing it)? That was a masterpiece in my eyes. You got goosebumps. Not this; this is a joke.

Chris: I prefer guitarist Brian May's songs.

Marc: They hang out in the Sugar Shack disco in Munich. I tell you, when you walk in there, it's full of plastic people. It's like L.A. I went in Sugar Shack. I left after a half hour and that was too long, really.

Dancing In The Street, **Van Halen**

Marc: I think it's a good song. The original was always one of my favorites. Van Halen didn't do anything special to make it better. It had more soul before. Van Halen is becoming too jazzy; they're losing their balls. If Dave Lee Roth wants to say something about that, he should come to our dressing room.

Chris: Where is the good kick-ass rock?

Marc: We haven't said anything positive yet because most of what's coming out nowadays is not good.

Chris: Cosmetic wimp rock. The world doesn't need sugar baby love. It needs hot messages.

Martyrs and Madmen, **Roger Daltrey**

Marc: Daltrey, he's a rocker. Let's see what he does.

Chris: Daltrey is a good singer, but as a songwriter he still needs somebody like Townshend to write songs that bring out his voice. It's a shame to see a singer go to waste singing mediocre songs. We can write him a couple of numbers if he'd like.

Marc: Yeah, I agree. Let's phone him up.

Long Stick Goes Boom, **Krokus**

Marc: Wow, what a song. A ball buster.

Chris: Wow, what socko!

Marc: It generates the energy of the people, not just a secluded disco section of the world.

Chris: We wish we could review more songs like this because it's a pure pleasure to feel the power of street level, kick-ass rock.□

BLONDIE
Guys & Doll

Blondie's Deborah Harry: "I couldn't go out and be Blondie without blonde hair. I might get egged or bottled."

Beauty Is In The Eye Of The Beholder

by Ellen Zoe Golden

Deborah Harry is sitting at a conference table at her New York press office. Gone are her platinum locks. In their place is a more subdued brown coloring framing well-defined cheekbones. Her dress is casual, her look is sweet.

Are you getting more serious, I ask.

Suddenly, the hottest female vocalist of the past four years erupts like a hyena, shoves a handful of candy between her famous Cupie Doll lips and chomps into my microphone.

My inquiry is based on Blondie's latest album, entitled **The Hunter**, which is the closest the band has come to making a concept album. All of the 11 songs focus on pursuit.

"Is it serious?" Debbie asks between exaggerated chomps. "It's all Chris' fault!" More laughter.

What Debbie Harry expresses in her jest is the entire Blondie scenario. Often hailed as the quintessential "new wave" band with an eye for what will sell and an ear for the beat of the street, Chris Stein — Blondie's co-founder and guitarist, Harry's romantic interest and best friend — says, "Everything just sort of evolves." Yet, as the music developed organically, the band has always had to contend with outsiders' critical interjections.

While strengthening their pop roots on the mid-'70s CBGB's circuit — along with the Ramones, Patti Smith, Television and the like — early Blondie was often sneered at for taking a lightweight musical approach. The media fuss over Debbie's Marilyn Monroe looks all but overshadowed the musical and lyrical merit of the band's first two albums, **Blondie** and **Plastic Letters**.

Then, when the group moved out of New York's Bowery to the top of the charts with a disco-tinged pop tune from **Parallel Lines** called *Heart of Glass*, the hardcore followers yelled "sell-out" and "gone commercial." With the cover of Harry's 1981 solo album, **Koo Koo**, featuring a brown-haired Debbie, whose face was skewered by large pins, it makes

sense that Blondie's latest effort should be called **The Hunter**. But, just who is 'the hunter' and who is 'the game?'

"You go after something and it pursues you," Debbie says matter-of-factly.

Chris, whose years in the music business are starting to show in a few gray strips among his side-parted brown crown, explains in more detail: "**The Hunter**'s a little more serious — certainly a lot more than the earlier stuff. We are just trying to say something about the modern/primitive state that everybody is in right now; the jungle we all live in."

Where Blondie was once shunned for being spirited and politically unconcerned, **The Hunter** finds the band finally tapping into the world's concerns just like many of the groups that shared the CBGB stage with them.

"If anything, *English Boys* is a serious song," Harry says. "It's about John Lennon and to me that's serious. *War Child* is serious, too, because it is a political thing. We don't usually do straight-out political songs, and it's not the kind of thing we're preaching about. But, there are a lot of war children around, and it's a reality to live like that."

Stein continues: "A lot of those other CBGB groups could have made it just as big as we did. We have a stick-to-it-ive-ness while a lot of groups gave up after a bit. We've always been willing to try new things, too, like doing *Heart Of Glass* as a disco song. That really helped us out. I was never adverse to it. I love the early disco music."

And just about every other form of black music, too. Following **Eat To The Beat** — and a one-shot association with Giorgio Moroder for the slick *Call Me* — Blondie purposely avoided their typical pop material, opting instead to develop alternative styles. **AutoAmerican**'s *Rapture* honed into the Bronx-born rap trend, while *The Tide is High* earned its distinction from reggae flavoring.

"Some guy said to me, 'Are you being exploitative for doing black music?'" Chris recalls. "That's the sickest thing I ever heard. That's like saying Chuck Berry is being exploitative for doing white rock and roll. Ninety percent of the world's popular music comes out of America's black music. Of course, it's pathetic that a black person can't get the same song played on the radio, but does that mean we're not supposed to do it?"

"Maybe we're fooling ourselves and being self-righteous," Harry adds, "but at least we've thought about it and tried to make a balance somehow. When we talked about doing *Rapture*, we weren't excluding all of our references. We would talk about the groups that were unknown and where we learned about rap music. It wasn't like we were saying we invented it.

"I don't think it would have gotten to the majority of the public any other way," she continues. "There are so many bottlenecks with radio and with marketing that music is generally crushed. Most people don't get to know what's happening in their culture. It's tragic."

Backing their beliefs is **The Hunter**, once again a mesh of old and new, black and white musical styles. The epitome of it all is Blondie's eerie blues remake of Smokey Robinson's *The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game*, once a hit for the Marvelettes.

"Smokey Robinson is one of the greatest lyricists of all time," Stein maintains. "Unfortunately, because he's black, he's not considered a great lyricist like Bob Dylan. The message in the song is just so great; it sums up everything for life in general. The hunter gets captured — everybody is in that trap now. It's a schizophrenic situation."

Speaking of neurosis, the album's first single — the Caribbean-influenced *Island of Lost Souls* might seem to give ammunition to those wondering how solid both the music and the band structure is right now in light of the extensive outside work the members have been doing. Though Stein asserts that "the record is the most solid of anything Blondie has done," that statement is actually an oversimplification of the growth extracurricular projects have allowed. The fact that bassist Nigel Harrison and drummer Clem Burke have developed a stronger rhythm lace — with everything from drums and bass to rhythm machines — can be partially attributed to the input Harry and Stein brought back into the studio from their **Koo Koo** sessions with Chicsters Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards, who produced and co-wrote Debbie's solo album.

Yet, **The Hunter** is not a funky-but-Chic followup. It stands on its own, based not only on the talents of Harry and Stein, but of Harrison (he wrote the music for the album's second single, *War Child*, a syntho-disco "folk song" coupling perky rhythm with a mid-tempo melody), Burke, keyboardist Jimmy Destri (who also released a solo album called **Heart On A Wall**), *and* guitarist Frank Infante (yes, despite rumors he *is* still in the band). "In Blondie, *everybody* contributes their thing," maintains Stein.

Blondie, from left: Frank Infante, Chris Stein, Jimmy Destri, Nigel Harrison, Clem Burke, Deborah Harry.

Says Debbie: "It's gotten to the point where everybody understands or is used to the attention focused on Chris and me. In the beginning, everything is difficult, no matter what. You're learning your business, you're learning everything that you've got to do. So naturally there's a lot of tension. Everybody is doing outside projects now, so it's not only me and Chris. But when we formed the band, it was part of our thing to have an art factory — or music factory — where everyone would do a bunch of stuff."

"Being treated as the character Blondie and then being whoever else I am was very frustrating for a while."

To further clarify the Blondie band situation, Harry and Stein (with Victor Bockris) have published **Making Tracks: The Rise Of Blondie**. The book is Harry's first person account of their story with Chris' photos highlighted for visual documentation. While talking openly about the band's struggles and successes, the text proves, once and for all, that Blondie isn't a group — it's a corporation.

Says Debbie: "I've always felt that rock groups are their own person, just one being, one creature."

While Harry refers to the band as one solid musical creature, she also mentions the well-developed Blondie cartoon character. Realizing that many people were upset by her grotesque brown-haired characterization on the **Koo Koo** cover ("I didn't know there were so many chickens in this world"), she is dying her hair back to blonde for the Fall U.S. tour. "I couldn't go out and be Blondie without blonde hair," she offers. "I might get egged or bottled."

More important however, are Harry's ambiguous feelings about the fair-haired character herself. "I had a basic outline of all the different ingredients of what would make a good, entertaining rock group — or character — just from observing people that were successful, seeing what I admired and seeing what I thought I would like if I saw myself. The blonde, in relation to the American movie-going public, was what I was trying to make my own cliche out of.

"It is a duality, which was the real problem I experienced," she continues. "Being treated as the character Blondie and then being whoever else I am was very frustrating for a while. At first, I was surprised and didn't know what to do. Then I got afraid and then I got angry. I just had to drop that for a while.

"There were some problems from the fans," she concludes. "A lot of them felt I was deserting them or killing off Blondie by going brown haired. So, not only was it fearful for me, everybody was having this fear thing going on. It's strange."

Chris has also been able to overcome dual conflicts in his life. He has formed his own record label — called Animal Records — so he can release records by lesser known acts without having to sell the idea to a major record company. Soon to be released are a James Chance album (produced by Chance), the **Polyester** film soundtrack, the **Union City** soundtrack (from Debbie's first movie), and a record by Iggy Pop that Stein produced himself.

One of the most interesting acts Stein is working with are the Bratles, a group of children, the oldest being 13.

"It's very funny and ironic that a lot of their problems are the same as big musicians," Chris says. "They all fight. One of them is quitting the group every three seconds and they're having little explosions. And they go to the bathroom a lot."

Would Chris and Debbie ever consider having children of their own?

"When we have some time, I'd like to have some kids," Chris answers.

Debbie is tickled by the topic: "Yeah, children are worth a try," she offers, with a chuckle. "You can always trade them in or something.

"We always thought about it," she continues after some thought. "I don't know if I'd be domestic. That's one of those horribly terrible words. Sheesh. I certainly don't keep house like everybody else. I'm a good cook, but does that make me domestic? It means I can get a job as a chef.

Continues Debbie: "I have thought that if I had children I would like to take them with me on the road, which sounds like a horrible thing to do or a *hard* thing to do, but I think it would be good. Chris is so good and so patient. When he's working with the Bratles, it's really amazing. He's so cool. I know he would be good with our kids."

All this soppy stuff sounds a bit *serious* coming from America's premier punk couple. But then, that's what's made their relationship last over eight years.

"Debbie and I have a lot in common; we want the same things and we're both a little older," Stein says. "Our relationship just seems to work. She's older than me, but I've been through a lot of the stuff in relationships and running around. There's a stability we get out of this that you can't get running around being crazy. I think we're gonna last forever. I'm very romantic."

Chris and Debbie with the Specials (before they disbanded): "Ninety percent of the world's popular music comes out of America's black music."

With *Island of Lost Souls* already up the charts, one could speculate that not only will Chris Stein and Deborah Harry's personal relationship last a long time, but that Blondie — Clem Burke, Nigel Harrison, Jimmy Destri and Frank Infante, included — are destined for sustained musical creativity.

Now *that's* serious.□

HIT PARADER MINI-SERIES EXCLUSIVE

TRIUMPH'S MIKE LEVINE

Part Three Of A Three-Part Triumph Series

by Andy Secher

Mike Levine looked totally wasted as he sat in Triumph's post-concert dressing room. It had been a long day for the frizzy-haired bassist! He had witnessed the birth of his first child, then flown through a raging blizzard from his Toronto home in an attempt to reach Triumph's show on time.

"I had to be there when the baby was born," he explained from the brown arm chair between puffs on a huge cigar. "I figured as soon as it happened I'd just hop on a plane and be here in plenty of time. I wasn't planning on my wife taking so long in delivery. I didn't even wait to find out what the baby's name is," he joked. "How does Fender Jazzman Levine grab you?"

A few weeks later, as he relaxed in The Metal Works — Triumph's private recording studio located in the outskirts of Toronto — Levine seemed like a new man. "This is the life," he said as he stretched out his long, lean frame in the studio's control room. "There's nothing like a little time off the road, even if it means sitting in here all day working on the new album.

"It's funny, but the more successful we become, the harder we have to work. It should be the other way around. But now that we're selling more records, we're on the road more than ever, and I have less and less time to do the things that I enjoy. I guess that's just the price you've gotta pay."

Despite all the hard work, the last year has been very good for Levine. With Triumph's **Allied Forces** proving to be the band's most successful album ever, his son Matthew now three months old, and his wife Rosie busying herself with remodeling the family's mid-town Toronto apartment, Mike admits that he's finally beginning to see some rewards from the years of dues paying that preceded Triumph's current success. "We're still not making any real money," he laughed. "But at least we're enjoying what we're doing. The fame and fortune will come if we just keep plugging away."

Laurie Paladino

Mike Levine: "I'm really a compulsive gambler."

Unlike bandmates Gil Moore and Rik Emmett, who've both deserted their urban roots in favor of the Toronto suburb of Mississaqua, Levine and family have chosen to stay 'where the action is.' "I feel totally at home in Toronto," Mike said. "I couldn't deal with living in the 'burbs like Gil or Rik. I like the accessibility that the city affords. If you want to go to a club and see a band all you've got to do is walk out the door. You don't have to worry about where to park your car or if there's gonna be traffic on the highway. I always want to be able to go down into the street with my 'ghetto blaster' and check out what's goin' on."

It was on those same Toronto streets that Levine first put together a band back in the late-Sixties. While he admitted that those groups — which boasted names like the Fade Aways and the Howling Masses — were "generally pretty pathetic," he also recognized that his years spent "learning what rock and roll was really all about" helped pave the way for Triumph's development.

"Back in those early days you either played rhythm 'n' blues or acid rock," he said. "My groups would play the whole Rolling Stones catalogue, then throw in some vintage R&B for good measure. Eventually I got involved in a band that had 10 members, including a whole horn section, and that really opened my eyes. If you didn't stick to exactly what you were supposed to play, the whole thing could become total chaos."

Perhaps it was playing in so many bands that didn't know where their next gig was coming from that convinced Levine to take up what he called his "major passion in life — gambling. I'm really a compulsive gambler," he said. "I like card games and backgammon, but I really love the horses. If I could, I'd live at the race track.

"I'm a pretty good bettor, but like any true gambler I've gotten carried away at times. I did win $4,000 dollars once," he said proudly, "but overall I've ended up about even.

"I'm just waiting for the time when this band starts to make some real money," he laughed. "I'm gonna be dangerous when I can gamble without really caring if I win or lose."□

POLICEMAN STING

Part Three Of A Three-Part Police Series

by Ellen Zoe Golden

With one glance at Sting, a woman's heart is sure to skip a beat. He is handsome, blond-haired and confident beyond belief. But, backstage before a recent Police gig, the bassist/vocalist is giving this female a hard time.

"I don't go around saying, 'hello, I'm a sex symbol,' but I am good in bed," he says in jest. Seems Sting would rather joke around than add fuel to the media's fire over his striking good looks. And for very good reason.

From the first time Sting demonstrated musical ability — teaching himself to play Beatles and Rolling Stones songs on an abandoned guitar — through college, ditch digging, teaching, playing bass, singing and, most recently, acting, he has always been a master of all trades. Yet, none of those accomplishments relied on his looks.

Lynn Goldsmith/LGI

Sting: "We'll tell everyone to go to our party and while everyone's there, we'll go rob a bank."

When Sting joined the Police as singer, bassist and lyrical contributor of the band's hit records, he became a public figure, inviting inquiries, such as mine, about his importance within the band.

"You're trying to dig the dirt, aren't you?" he asks me with a smirk. "You're trying to get me to say, 'Andy Summers and Stewart Copeland have made no contributions whatsoever.' Well, it's true," he cracks with a hearty laugh. "They have made no contribution whatsoever. I played all of the guitar and all of the drums."

After a minute, Sting adds seriously: "Personal ego is such a delicate area. Because I write the songs, sing them, play the bass and write the chords, obviously I have a lot to say. But, that doesn't mean that Andy and Stewart's contributions are meaningless or even less than mine. It's just that in volume, there are more of my songs. This is such a delicate area that to talk about it is damaging."

Would you like to see the others do more songwriting, I ask, thinking I've caught Sting at a somber moment.

"No, no," he jokes, breaking back into hysterics.

In reality, Sting and his compatriots have a harmonious working and personal relationship. When Stewart overhears some of Sting's jive, he laughs, then diplomatically tells the joker: "You should hear what I said about you..."

Andy, on the other hand, places the blame for Sting's play acting squarely on my shoulders. He promptly tells me that I have to walk home from the show.

"That's our sense of humor," Sting concludes, bringing the curtain down on the skit.

Though Sting is quite a good backstage actor, his role has recently been expanded to the silver screen. It wasn't long ago that his actress-wife Frances Tomelty persuaded him to audition for the role of Ace Face in the film **Quadrophenia.** He got the part and was stunning.

"I'm a budding Laurence Olivier," he remarks about his performances in **Quadrophenia,** the 3-hour drama **Artemis 81** (shown on the BBC) and the soon-to-be-released English film, **Brimstone and Treacle** (written by Dennis Potter, who wrote the remake of **Pennies From Heaven**).

Says Sting: "Acting is exciting, because I don't know how to do it yet."

That's probably the reason the singer suggests he portray a bankrobber instead of himself, when the subject of a New York Press party comes up on the way home from the gig.

He seems a mite bored with the prospect of another social affair in the Police's honor, and would rather do something that would put a kink in the band's glamourous armor.

"We'll tell everyone to go to our party and while everyone's there, we'll go rob a bank," he offers. "Yeah, we'll rob a bank; no one would expect it!"

If Sting's track record is any indication, he'd probably be very good at it. And he'd look *so* good with a gun.□

APRIL WINE

The Big Heat

In From The Cold With A Big Hot Hit.

by Andy Secher

April Wine, from left: Steve Lang, Jerry Mercer, Myles Goodwyn, Brian Greenway, Gary Moffet.

The time was nearing midnight, yet Myles Goodwyn still sat in the quiet darkness of April Wine's Montreal recording studio. Fellow band members Gary Moffet (guitar), Steve Lang (bass), Jerry Mercer (drums) and Brian Greenway (guitar), had long since departed for their homes and families. But for Goodwyn, the band's songwriter, vocalist, lead guitarist and producer, the night was just beginning. The completion of April Wine's new album, **Power Play,** had come down to a battle between him and the tape machines — a battle he had no intention of losing.

"It's like this with every album," he said in a softly accented voice that reflected his eastern Canadian upbringing. "We get all the basic tracks done, and then it boils down to me sitting here all by myself trying to do some guitar overdubs and vocal work. It's really fun, though. It's such a basic fight — man vs. machine. It's the challenge that makes rock and roll so fascinating.

"If I get disgusted with the way things are going I just think back on all the work we've done to get this far," he continued. "There was a point not too long ago when I seriously wondered if we'd ever really make it. You reach a position after you've been recording and touring for a long time when you just say to yourself, 'This is as good as it's ever gonna get.' I thought we had reached that point, but I was wrong."

Goodwyn was surely entitled to his mistake. Since April Wine's formation in 1973, the Montreal-based quintet has struggled to attain what Myles called, "recognition as something more than just another Canadian boogie band."

Despite a series of top-flight albums, including **The Whole World's Going Crazy** and **Harder ... Faster,** that recognition didn't come until the release of last year's **The Nature of the Beast,** a hard-rockin' monster that finally rewarded the band for years of touring the concert halls of North America. That album, which spawned the hit single *Just Between You and Me,* proved to be April Wine's first stateside million-seller.

"I'd be lying through my teeth if I said that it wasn't nice to finally get the attention I always thought we deserved," Goodwyn stated bluntly. "We were making a very nice living by touring Canada and the mid-west, but if you're a professional musician you want to reach as many people as possible. That's what we finally did with **The Nature of the Beast.** We had some very strong material on that album, and we've always been confident, but to see your efforts finally rewarded is something special."

While Goodwyn admits to being "somewhat confused" as to why **The Nature of the Beast** finally broke April Wine internationally, he believes that the album's success may be attributed to its well-balanced mix of metallic rockers and plaintive ballads. This is the same formula they've used on **Power Play** (which, in title, reflects Goodwyn's love for hockey). From the straight-ahead energy of *Blood Money* to their bluesy reworking of the Beatles' *Tell Me Why,* their new LP is, as Goodwyn states, "our next step forward."

"This album isn't quite as frantic as the last one," he said. "We recorded all of the tracks live in the studio, and we really had a good time playing 'em. In fact, I don't know when we've had a better time making an album. We've done a few unusual things on this record, which is one of the reasons it was so much fun to do. We've recorded a couple of cover tunes, including a remake of our own *Doing It Right* (that first appeared on the band's **Powder Blues** album).

"We really rocked it up this time with a tasty version of *Tell Me Why,* one of my favorite songs. It just happened to be on the radio when I was sitting around the studio, so I started to play around with the chords on my guitar and came up with the version that's on the album. I'll say one thing," he added, "it takes real balls to record a Beatles song.

"We wanted to do a few different things this time," he continued. "It wouldn't have been any fun to just record **Son of the Beast.**

"Everyone's been asking me if the success of the last album has put a lot of extra pressure on us. Well, if it has we don't know about it. There's a different sort of pressure now. We feel we have to live up to our own belief in ourselves."□

Jim Carroll

The Fugitive Kind

More Shock Treatment From Prince Of The City.

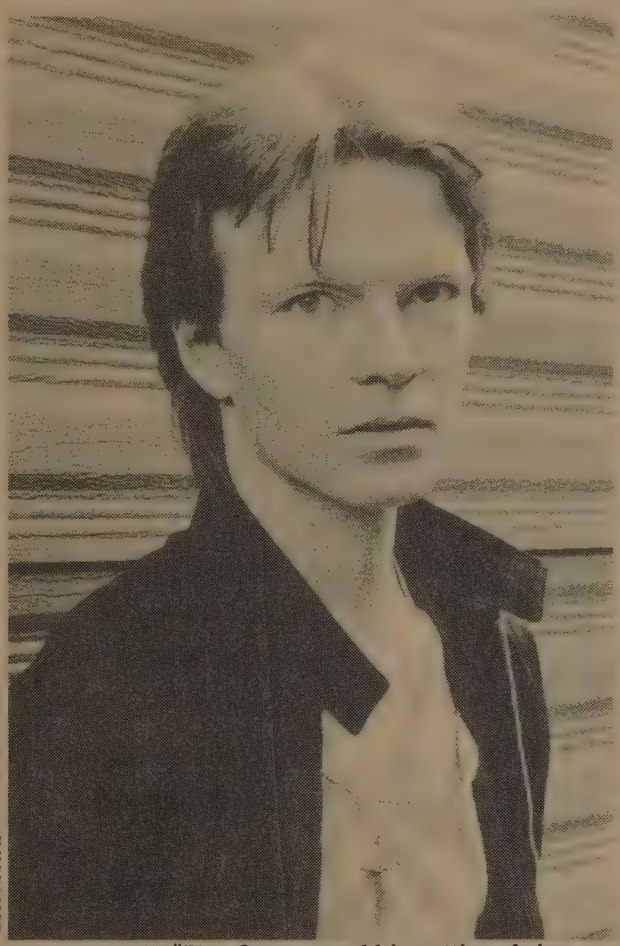
by Toby Goldstein

Jim Carroll alternately sits and paces the record company conference room. It's late in the afternoon, he's smoked enough cigarettes to ensure the rasp in his voice will punctuate many more albums, and he's answered the same questions all day, painstakingly pointing out how his second album, **Dry Dreams**, goes up against "cock rock fantasy." But when the conversation lights upon the influence his powerful songs, such as *People Who Died* or *Barricades* might have on kids, Carroll's pale blue eyes become riveted on the here and now.

"That's who I care about more than anything," he emphasizes. "I don't wanna teach anybody anything, just give them some light in their eyes and give them the strength not to rely on some one-in-a-billion shot — to have strength against chaos. That fantasy world is putting chains on kids. It's just putting more desperation in them.

"There's this crowd of about five kids who are 13 or 14 that I used to sneak into shows in San Francisco. I'd tell the club they were my cousins. One night I brought them to hear Lou Reed, and Lou reached down between songs and said to one kid, 'y'know, I had braces when I was young, too. People will give you shit about it, but just tell 'em to go fuck themselves. You're all right.' " Carroll ventures a weary but genuine smile and says, "I hope kids feel about *Barricades* the way I felt when I first heard Phil Ochs."

Surviving the dual challenges of life and death makes Jim Carroll view the world decisively. He worries about young teens because he managed to get hooked on heroin, came close to winning a major poetry prize and kick the drugs, all in his teenage years. He worries about the delusional world of rock and roll satisfaction because, given the successes of *People Who Died*, the **Catholic Boy** album and his new record **Dry Dreams**, Jim Carroll must resist that world as harshly as he threw away the needle.



Ebet Roberts

Jim Carroll: "That fantasy world is putting chains on kids."

People Who Died, an agonized laundry list of departed friends performed with punk-like frenzy, is the last song one would expect to be taken up as a battle cry. But we live in perilous times, where both idols and allies drop without warning, so perhaps it makes sense that Carroll's audiences would raise their fists and yell "Died! Died!" along with him like cheerleaders. Carroll also wonders about the peculiarly joyous reaction he got for such a depressing song.

"It is a contradiction, but counterpoint is what makes good art. It's the kind of song that, if you're hearing it in a concert with a lot of people, you get a much different take on it than if you're listening by yourself.

"And I don't know what the ultimate achievement could be with that song, what the perfect reaction is. I wouldn't want the whole place in tears. Although, I changed the last line to say 'Lennon got shot in New York rain/John, I miss you now with all the others.' I do it for Belushi now, too, 'cause I knew Belushi and really liked him a lot and he loved that song. He'd come to rehearsal and play the drums on it."

While **Dry Dreams** might not have any one cut as compulsive as *People Who Died*, Jim Carroll is pleased with his second record, and is touring in support of it "I didn't want to dwell in the past as much as I did on the other album. *Jody*'s about running into someone from my past, but it's about seeing them now. Most of the album is about the future or the present, like *Work Not Play* or *Jealous Twin*."

Without giving up his personal viewpoint, Carroll has moved away from the extreme autobiographical direction of **Catholic Boy**, which provoked some criticism.

"I guess people said that about Proust and Dostoevsky, too," he says dryly. "If something is true to your own experiences, you have to filter it through yourself. But on this album, there are a lot more songs in character — like *Evangeline* is about (N.Y. governor) Carey's wife. And *Jealous Twin* is an abstraction about a typical Spandex crowd. There's not as much angst for me in cutting back on my own personal experiences; there's a pleasure."

But through the eyes of the poet, there must also be some regret.□

HIT PARADER
Van Halen's
David Lee Roth

Pick Hit

ALDO NOVA

Lady Killer Lights Up The Night.

by Andy Secher

Aldo Nova: "Touring, and seeing the fans respond, is the ultimate high. It's better than sex."

Aldo Nova's on a roll — and he knows it.

"This is just the first step in my plan to take over the world," the short, stocky 24-year-old Montreal native joked as he held up a copy of his platinum-selling debut album. "I never had the slightest doubt that this record would do very well," he added. "My only question was whether most people would be hip enough to pick up on it. Having it go Top 10 and sell a million copies tells me a lot about the average rock and roll fan — they have exceptionally good taste."

Aldo Nova's not one to mince words. He speaks with the confidence of someone who's fought hard to attain his foothold in the rock hierarchy. The success of both the man and the album comes after a long struggle to get his music out of ATV Studios in Montreal and to the ears of what Nova called, "real rock and roll people."

"I had been working at ATV for about three years as a staff writer, and at the same time I was getting the material ready for my album," he explained. "I wasn't exactly sure when and where I'd have the chance to release the stuff I had been working on, but I knew that my time would come.

"Then Sandy Pearlman, who manages Blue Oyster Cult, got hold of some of my songs and he really loved 'em. He got behind me and lined up my signing with Portrait Records. To say the least, he's really been a help.

"By the time I had signed with the label I had about 90% of the album completed," he continued. "They couldn't believe it. They were expecting the usual new artist crap like, 'I'll try to get something together for you in a couple of months.' With me it was, 'I'm ready, let's go!' They picked up on my enthusiasm, which was one of the reasons that the record took off so quickly. They saw that I had confidence in myself, and that gave them reason to believe in me, too."

Nova's confidence was well founded. With a string of infectious, hard-rocking numbers, such as *Ball and Chain* and *Fantasy*, that were tailor-made for radio airplay, Nova quickly emerged as the hottest rookie on the rock scene.

One problem that cropped up, though, was how Aldo would be able to reproduce his high-tech studio sound on stage. After all, he had played virtually all the instruments on the album, and nobody was going to pay their hard-earned greenbacks to see some guy playing along with a tape machine.

"That was a problem," he admitted. "What I did was contact a whole bunch of musicians, gave them tapes of the album, and told them to learn their parts. Then one day I just got everyone together and said, 'Okay, let's try *Hot Love* or *Under The Gun*,' and they'd go right into it. There must have been four guys trying out for every instrument; I just chose the ones who fit into my overall concept — the ones that looked good and could play. Then I hit the road."

When Aldo says "hit the road," he's not kidding. His first tour date was February 10, and he plans to be on the rock trail in the U.S., Europe and the Orient until mid-October. That's nine months of solid road work; a grueling regimen for even the most seasoned rocker, let alone someone who had never toured extensively before. Yet, much to his own surprise, Nova found the concert grind exhilarating rather than exhausting.

"The feeling I get knowing that people are into my music is enough to keep me going," he said. "Touring, and seeing the fans respond, is the ultimate high. It's better than sex. We've performed with people like Sammy Hagar and Cheap Trick, and wherever we've gone it's been great. I just love the way the women have responded," he laughed. "They're there in the front row night after night, and I just want to take this opportunity to thank each and every one of them. They've made life on the road very pleasant.

"That's not to say I don't want to thank all the guys too," he added quickly. "I know they're also out there cheering us on. That's one of the things that I believe separates my music from most of the other stuff around. There's enough of a good rock and roll beat to get the guys into it; yet there's enough of a melody to attract the ladies. Quite simply, the music I make has got something for everybody."□

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

Junior

Back home in England at the age of 14, Junior Giscombe and his 11-member vocal group, the Idelics, specialized in Jackson Five-inspired harmonies. The group ultimately split, as did his next short-lived group, Atlantis. Atlantis had recorded one album, however, which brought Junior to New York.

A New York-based talent scout for a major record label was familiar with Junior's previous work, and after a few meetings, offered to sign him to his company's London affiliate. Ironically, Junior got his biggest break in the English market while living in America. *Mama Used To Say* from his **"JI"** album has become an international hit, making big waves on all the pop, R&B and dance radio stations.□

Marshall Crenshaw

"Detroit is a great town. I would have stayed there, but I wanted to go as far as I could with music and it's no town for getting ahead in the business," says Marshall Crenshaw, the 28-year-old retro-rocker now getting the new music spotlight.

Marshall's interest in music commenced, he claims, at birth. Picking up guitar at the age of eight, Marshall's first full-blown influence was Buddy Holly. With his brother Robert pounding rhythms on available hard surfaces, Marshall began his apprenticeship picking out popular tunes of the day on his guitar, while, as he puts it, "my peers were playing baseball and building model airplanes."

After playing in high school garage bands and on the local bar circuit Marshall was hired to portray John Lennon in the west coast road company of **Beatlemania**. Two years later, he headed for New York with his brother determined to confirm the Crenshaw potential.

Robert Gordon and Lou Ann Barton wound up recording his tunes, and Marshall began performing in the new music club circuit. Before long, Marshall Crenshaw became both a public and critical favorite. His self-titled debut album confirms his growing popularity.□

Nina Hagen

Nina Hagen was born in East Berlin in the mid-'50s to an actress mother and writer father; perhaps this explains her drive for freedom in the arts. At a politically tender age of 13, Nina became disenchanted with the regimens of the new Communist state and joined an artists' protest over German troops being involved in the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Hagen went on to front several East German bands, all the while frustrated by governmental efforts to control music for the masses. Yet, she whetted her appetite for rock and roll by doing a few Janis Joplin and Tina Turner songs among the approved blues and dance numbers. She planned several escapes before finally being allowed to leave the country at age 21.

Hagen went on to become a punk/avant garde celebrity in West Germany and England, fronting bands and acting in new wave-style movies. Now America is getting the Hagen treatment with **Nunsexmonkrock.**□

A Flock Of Seagulls

Guitarist/keyboardist/vocalist Michael Score formed A Flock of Seagulls in Liverpool in the winter of 1979 and shortly after hooked up with Bill Nelson, erstwhile leader of Be-Bop Deluxe. Nelson produced the group's early singles and released one, *Talking*, on his Cocteau label. The next, *Telecommunication*, became a dance club favorite exposing the flock internationally.

The members of A Flock of Seagulls (Score, bassist/vocalist Frank Maudsley, lead guitarist Paul Reynolds and drummer Ali Score) are very interested in UFOs, psychic phenomena and other mysterious occurrences, and that is reflected in the songs and music of their self-titled debut album.□

Missing Persons

HEART

Nancy and Ann Wilson: "We felt like Heart was auditioning all over again."

Escaped Wilson Sisters No Longer Ladies In A Cage.

by Andy Secher

"There are Heart clones lurking everywhere," Ann Wilson said laughing as she shifted her dark eyes back and forth in mock paranoia. "We disappear from the public eye for a couple of years and, poof, up pops a band like Quarterflash. I guess there was a need to fill the void for a woman-fronted rock band, but I just want to pass the word: Watch out sister — we're back!"

Despite Ann's warning, there seems to be little need to alert the rest of the rock community about Heart's return to the music scene. With their album **Private Audition** already a smash bestseller, it's evident that Heart's two-year recording hiatus did little to hurt their status as popular music's foremost fem-rock outfit. While Wilson admitted that she views the band's new album as "our reintroduction to a lot of people," judging from the reaction of fans throughout the nation, it seems that Heart never really went away.

"It feels so good to have an album out again," remarked Ann as she sat by the window in her spacious New York hotel suite dressed in skin-tight black jeans. To her left was a sprawling view of the downtown Manhattan skyline. To her right stood a monster-size stereo that she had transported from her home in Seattle for the express purpose of playing Heart's new album at top volume for anyone who cared to listen — and even for those who didn't.

"The people next door have really been complaining," Ann offered. "They're paying something like $200 a night, and they can't even drink a cup of coffee without the cups rattling from the vibrations we're causing in here. They admitted liking the album though," she added with a grin.

Taking two years off from recording in the everchanging world of rock and roll is a risky venture. Yet, as Heart's success grew, they developed an increasing need for what Ann called "just some good ol' rest and relaxation." So, following the release of the double **Greatest Hits/Live** in 1980, the band's members — vocalist Ann, her guitarist/songwriter sister Nancy, guitarist/keyboardist Howard Leese, drummer Denny Carmassi and bassist Mark Andes — split for vacation spots throughout the country. The band's creative nucleus — la sisters Wilson — headed home to suburban Seattle where they could escape their rigorous rock and roll lifestyle.

"We just felt the need to get away from the music biz for a while," Ann explained. "We did 12 concerts last summer, but that was more to keep people interested in the band than anything else. I spent most of my time thinking and getting to know myself better. That's something I really hadn't had the chance to do since Heart became popular. It's been an incredible grind with one tour after another, and all our free time being taken up in the studio. The situation became impossible to live with, and was beginning to take its toll. I viewed the break as self-preservation.

"That's not to say that we just sat around the house all the time reading Shakespeare," she added with a fiendish gleam in her eye. "We had some pretty wild parties during those two years. I remember

Michael N. Marks

Bob Seger surrounded by Heart sisters: "The people next door have really been complaining."

one we had in L.A. last Halloween when we all ended up falling in a swimming pool. I had come dressed as the singing nun — a nun's habit and a guitar, the whole bit. I was singing these insipid songs all night long and by the end of the evening most of the people were ready to take that guitar and bust it over my head.

"Nancy, believe it or not, came as the Incredible Hulk. She's so small that she was able to fit into this kiddie costume bought at some cheapo drug store for a couple of bucks. It was a wild evening. We had other musicians dropping by all night long dressed in outrageous getups. Brian May of Queen was there too. He, of course, came dressed as himself."

beauty of *Perfect Stranger*, Heart has accomplished the difficult task of blending hard-rocking energy with delicate pop craftsmanship.

"We've taken the word diversity to new heights on this record," Ann said. "When we were sitting around our house planning this album, Nancy, Sue and I decided that we should try to make it something of a concept album. Nothing heavy, just something fun. We hit upon the idea of a variety show where each song could represent another band auditioning for the show.

"In fact, the original title of the album was **Variety Club,** like the old TV show. We thought the idea of using an audition was very appropriate for us because after our two year layoff, we felt like

> "We had some pretty wild parties during those two years. I remember one we had in L.A. last Halloween when we all ended up falling in a swimming pool."

After two years of partying and self-examination, the lure of the recording studio drew Heart back into the rock sphere. Ann, Nancy, and co-writer Sue Ennis had spent many of their idle hours composing new songs, and the band soon started commuting between Seattle and L.A., recording material as the urge hit them.

The result of their labors — which spanned six months — is **Private Audition,** the group's most ambitious and entertaining album ever. From the full-throttle vitality of *City's Burning* to the sensual

Heart was auditioning all over again with this album.

"We have some of our strongest material ever," she added. "*City's Burning* is a real scorcher about a couple in a New York apartment and how they react when they hear that John Lennon was shot. That event touched us all so deeply that the only way we could vent our emotions was through our music.

"*Angels* is also about John; in fact, we view it as a gift for his son, Sean. The song is a childlike fairy tale about a little boy who's out playing, and when he looks up he sees the faces of angels in the trees. We just sent a copy of the song to Yoko. We haven't heard anything back from her yet, but we wanted her to have a copy of it anyhow."

Don't get the impression from Ann's words that **Private Audition** is a John Lennon memorial album. While *City's Burning* and *Angels* are two of the album's strongest tracks, numbers like *The Situation* and the Motown-ish *This Man Is Mine* give the album an outrageous upbeat quality that was rarely found on earlier Heart albums.

"We had a great time making this record, and I think that shows in the grooves," Ann said. "While we were recording *This Man Is Mine*, we played back a take and suddenly this building security guard came bursting through the door shouting, 'Is that Mary Wells (a mid-'60s Motown recording star)? I gotta see Mary.' We had to tell the guy that it was just us Wilson sisters. He kind'a smiled and walked away, but I think he was very disappointed."

Because of the time and care that Heart took in recording **Private Audition,** they emerged from the studio with an excess of material. "Usually it's a fight just to get enough material in the can to give the record company a complete LP," Ann joked. "When we were trying to finish **Dog and Butterfly** a few years ago, we suddenly realized that we were one song short. We had already started our tour, so like any all-American rock and roll band we did the only available thing — we panicked! We called up Sue and had her hop on the next plane to Little Rock, Arkansas, which was where we were playing that night. We usually never write on the road, but we took the hour between our soundcheck and the show to go back to the hotel and try to write a song.

"Somehow we managed to produce *Straight On* from that mess," she laughed. "We had the title for the song before anything else because as we were driving back to the hotel we said to each other, 'We've really got to get this done. Let's put everything else out of our minds so that we can head into this straight on.'

"This time, having the luxury of time made all the difference in the world. We've produced ourselves on this record, and we were very careful to make sure everything was exactly the way we wanted it. I'll tell ya," she added as she leaned back contentedly, "that's the only way to do things. Just work when and how you want to, and end up with a record that you can put on and say to yourself, 'Damn that's good!' "□

HEAVY METAL HAPPENINGS

by Andy Secher

****

According to producer Ted Templeman, David Lee Roth is still just as wild and crazy as ever. "We were in a restaurant the other night when he decided to stand on top of our table and do his Jerry Vale imitation," said Templeman, who produced Van Halen's **Diver Down**. "I thought we were gonna get kicked out on our asses, but the customers didn't seem to mind too much, so the management let us stay."

****

Def Leppard's Joe Elliott reports from London that the band's finished work on their new album, **Pyromania**. Elliott says, "It's great. We've killed all our brain cells with alcohol, so it's undoubtedly the best thing we've ever done."

****

There's a major feud brewing between Sammy Hagar and his former boss Ronnie Montrose. The two haven't exactly been the best of friends since Hagar left the band Montrose back in 1975, but recently they've come out slinging mud in a number of British publications. "I called him an asshole," Sammy admitted, "but I really didn't mean it." Montrose responded to Hagar's charge by saying simply, "Sometimes he can be a real jerk."

****

It seems that Ace Frehley has decided to leave Kiss following the release of their up-coming album due to what one band insider called, "growing musical differences." Will his departure mark the end of the costumed crusaders?

****

Heavy-Metal head scratcher: What band did AC/DC's Cliff Williams appear in before joining the boys from down under? This group also featured the talent of Wishbone Ash's Laurie Wisefield and recorded two albums for Epic during the early '70s. Answer to last month's headscratcher: The band that the Jimi Hendrix Experience opened for during their first American tour was the Monkees.

****

Rumors that Bill Wyman will pack it all in and retire following the Stones' current European tour continue to circulate. "He's been talking about doing it for the last ten years," a Stones spokesman told **Heavy Metal Happenings**. "After all, he's gonna be 45 years old, and he's been with the Stones for 20 years now. I think he just wants to get his gold watch from the company, and retire to his home and family."

****

Journey's Jonathan Cain reports that the band has had enough of the wimpy ballads that filled much of their **Escape** album. "We're working on new material right now, and it's got much more of a beat to it," he says. "The ballads filled a void we had. Now we want to get back to music that everyone can tap their feet to."

****

It seems that all is not well in the Styx camp. After firing their long-time manager, Derek Sutton, the boys in the band made themselves scarce. "They needed some time to re-energize themselves," a record company source says. However, other reports say both keyboardist Dennis DeYoung and guitarist James Young are contemplating solo albums.

****

Anyone wishing to communicate with Scorpions can do so by addressing notes to: P.O. Box 5220, 3000 Hanover 1, Germany. A price list of available products: T-shirts — 3,000 deutsch marks each, caps — 1,000 marks and official band bratwurst — 500 marks per pound.

****

It's becoming more and more apparent that the Who will be visiting our shores in the near future. With Sir Peter Townshend's (if the Queen won't knight him, I will) solo album doing so well, and a new band project in the offing, there's more demand than ever for the 'Oo.

****

If you have any questions or comments about **Heavy Metal Happenings** drop me a line at: **Heavy Metal Happenings,** c/o **Hit Parader**, Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.

Rest assured that Ozzy Osbourne is not about to bite the head off manager/wife Sharon Arden. He did reveal, however, that Michael Schenker will not replace the late Randy Rhoads: "I don't want anyone in my band who can upstage me."

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. This month we are proud to present the lists of Alessi (Bobby and Billy) and Rex Smith.

compiled by Bob Grossweiner

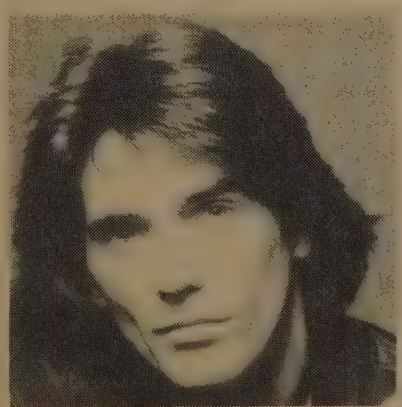
BOBBY ALESSI, vocalist, guitarist, bassist (formerly with Barnaby Bye)

1. **Rubber Soul,** the Beatles
2. **Off the Wall,** Michael Jackson
3. **Holland,** the Beach Boys
4. **Aja,** Steely Dan
5. **Out of the Blue,** Electric Light Orchestra
6. **Silk Degrees,** Boz Scaggs
7. **Music of My Mind,** Stevie Wonder
8. **Main Course,** Bee Gees
9. **Happiness is Being With the Spinners,** Spinners
10. **10 cc,** 10 cc

REX SMITH, vocalist

1. **Ring of Hands,** Argent
2. **Captain Beyond,** Captain Beyond
3. **Storm at Sunup,** Gino Vannelli
4. **AWB,** Average White Band
5. **Let's Get It On,** Marvin Gaye
6. **Minute by Minute,** the Doobie Brothers
7. **Rock On,** Humble Pie
8. **Machine Head,** Deep Purple
9. **Christopher Cross,** Christopher Cross
10. **The Crazy World of Arthur Brown,** Arthur Brown

BILLY ALESSI, vocalist, keyboardist (formerly with Barnaby Bye)



1. **Aja,** Steely Dan
2. **Off the Wall,** Michael Jackson
3. **The Beatles** (white album), the Beatles
4. **Silk Degrees,** Boz Scaggs
5. **Music of My Mind,** Stevie Wonder
6. **Holland,** the Beach Boys
7. **Happiness is Being with the Spinners,** Spinners
8. **Saturday Night Fever** (The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack), Various Artists
9. **Daryl Hall & John Oates,** Daryl Hall & John Oates
10. **Something/Anything,** Todd Rundgren

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Sports Challenge

This month: Outer Space Adventures of
OUTLAW FREDDIE SALEM

Bob Sorce

Freddie Salem: "This is humiliating."

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

"Look at these rows of things coming at me," said an astonished Freddie Salem. No, the Outlaws' guitarist wasn't talking abut groupies again. He was heavily involved in Midway's Galaxian video game machine.

"Oh my God!" he groaned, panicking as he swerved his fighter ship between the enemy's heavy rain of bombs and missiles. "This is humiliating," he said with his first crash.

While in New York promoting his new solo album, **Cat Dance,** Salem and **Hit Parader** combed the mid-town area for the only video game he felt competitive on. Once at the Peppermint Lounge, a new wave dance club, he completely ignored Pac-Man, Asteroids and Quazar machines for his beloved Galaxian.

"Close, very close," he said, checking the scores of the first game, which he won by a slim margin. "This is a rough Galaxian."

Hit Parader noted that of our previous adversaries Salem offered the most laughs, shouts, grunts and "oh my Gods." "Look at you, you got 1200 on the first round," he remarked with approval as we started the second game. He then totalled the same figure on his first turn, before finally defeating **Hit Parader** again, 79,000 to 42,000. We reluctantly asked for the victor's statement.

"This is a heavy Galaxian," he concluded.□

Crosby, Stills & Nash

Here Today Gone Tomorrow

Legends Find Themselves A Tough Act To Follow.

by Dave Zimmer

Crosby, Stills & Nash: "People sure can't accuse us of being in it for the money."

Inside Devonshire Studios in North Hollywood, California, Graham Nash puts one of the tape machines into reverse. "Grrp Wrr, Grrp Wrr," the machine moans.

Nash laughs. "Group War! Maybe that should be the name of this album." He is referring to the latest Crosby, Stills & Nash album, released earlier this summer. And though "Group War" might have been an appropriate title, the LP was ultimately called **Daylight Again**, after a song by the same name written by Stephen Stills.

"I'd always had it in my mind to complete *Daylight* as a kind of introduction to *Find the Cost of Freedom*," Stills says, staring into the darkened recording chamber. "Nash finally got me off my ass and I did it. The setting is the Civil War, but the words also fit what's happening today ... this fight against nuclear madness. It's *our* war."

Crosby, Stills & Nash, ever since the turbulent, war-torn '60s, have never hesitated to cry out when they felt political or societal injustices were going down. Ex-Byrd David Crosby, the eternal hippie with his emblematic moustache and shoulder length hair, proclaims himself, "The World's Most Opinionated Man." Stills, who drove Buffalo Springfield with a rasp-edged voice and hands that stung strings and keys, stood up *For What It's Worth* and has never sat down. Nash brought high harmony from England's Hollies, wouldn't let "Chicago" slip by and is now one of the world's most outspoken nuclear activists.

But, as a group, CSN has had difficulty sticking together over the years. After a brilliant debut album in 1969, only **Deja Vu** and **Four Way Street** (both released in '70 and featuring Neil Young), '77s **CSN**, a couple of "greatest hits" compilations, then **Daylight Again** have extended the CSN legacy.

"It's ridiculous when you think about it," Nash says. "That isn't that much music to be spread over 13 years. People sure can't accuse us of being in it for the money."

"It might appear to some that we've been professional children," Stills admits.

Crosby adds: "A lot of good music was sacrificed on the alter of ego. We're all very stubborn people. We've butted heads a lot, chipped off a few edges. But the music keeps bringing us back together — when it's right. We can't just churn it out. That's the old Wurlitzer Effect — put the key in and turn it.

"I could be real pissed at Nash or Stills," Crosby continues. "But if I sense that some great music's at hand, I'd crawl on my knees to Timbuktu to play with those guys. Bottom line: Everything is bullshit except the music."

"But we can never predict," Nash says, "when or how long it takes to get it together."

The current CSN record was in the making for a year and eight months before it saw the light of day. Back in the early stages, it was going to be a Stills-Nash album. "Of all of the combinations between us," Nash says, "we'd never really explored just me and Stephen. So we decided to make an album, just the two of us. But when we got to a certain point, we both realized that if David wasn't involved, we'd be forever hearing his part in there."

So Crosby arrived on the scene and slipped his warm vocal harmonies between Stills and Nash, plus guest singers Art Garfunkel and Timothy B. Schmit (of Eagles and Poco fame). Crosby also contributed lead vocals to his stirring *Delta* and Craig and Judy Doerge's whimsical *Might As Well Have a Good Time* — both originally pegged for a Crosby solo album.

"We decided that there would be no rules," Nash explains. "We used whatever was the best music."

Nash's *Wasted On The Way* is a tight CSN harmony blend that tells many stories; his gentle *Song For Susan* and the thrashing *Into the Darkness* both hit upon the forces of having love and having none. Stills author or co-author of seven of the LP's twelve tracks, including the driving *Turn Your Back on Love* and anthem-esque *Southern Cross*, makes a very strong showing this time out.

And what about Neil Young?

"We all love him," Nash says. "He's incredibly prolific. He's working on a film, a new album. You never know what to expect from him, or any of us. We're all very changeable people. That's what kept CSNY and keeps CSN fresh. We might never hear from Neil again, or, next week, Neil could call up and say, 'Hey guys, I woke up this morning and wrote this song, and with your voices...' "□

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ANGEL IN BLUE

(As recorded by the J. Geils Band)

SETH JUSTMAN

We met in a bar
Out on Chesapeake Bay
With her white patent boots
And her blouse red lame
A table-top dancer
She would smile on cue
Oh those lips of an angel
Angel in blue.

She'd been dancin' for ages
Through cities of bars
She was kickin' the habit
Of scoring in cars
She'd been drained of her spirit
All caged up in this zoo
A wild cat angel
Angel in blue.

And as she stared out into nowhere
I thought yes I thought she might break down and cry
Oh when I whispered I thought I could love her
She just said "Baby don't even bother to try."

And I watched as she spoke
Her words chilled my bones
All her friends did her favors
That were really just loans
And she never had dreams
So they never came true
Oh the palest of angels
Angel in blue.

And the bees they had stung her
The birds they had flown
There were guys she could number
But none had she known
And she never had dreams
So they never came true
Oh my fade away angel
Angel in blue.

Angel in blue
Angel in blue
Angel in blue.

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HAPPY MAN

(As recorded by the Greg Kihn Band)

GREG KIHN
STEVE WRIGHT

I do not ask for much
Something real that I can touch
Someone there late at night
Someone there to hold me tight
You know I understand
Just what it takes
To be a happy man.

I'm gonna be a happy man
Just you and me
While we still can
There's nothin' left we can't do
Me and you
A happy man.

Some people need a lot
Others want what they haven't got
I need just what it takes
That's when the tension breaks
I'll be just what I am
Oh oh oh a happy man.

I'm gonna be a happy man
Just you and me
While we still can
There's nothin' left we can't do
Me and you
A happy man
A happy man.

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ONLY THE LONELY

(As recorded by the Motels)

MARTHA DAVIS

We walked the loneliest mile
We smile without any style
We kiss altogether wrong
No intention.

We lied about each others drinks
We lived without each other thinkin'
What anyone would do
Without me an' you.

It's like I told you
Only the lonely can play.

So hold on here we go
Hold on to nothin' we know
I feel so lonely
Way up here.

We mention the time we were together
So long ago well I don't remember
All I know
Is it makes me feel good now.
It's like I told you
Only the lonely can play
Only the lonely
Only the lonely can play.

Only the lonely
Only the lonely can play
It's like I told you
Only the lonely can play
Only the lonely
Only the lonely can play.

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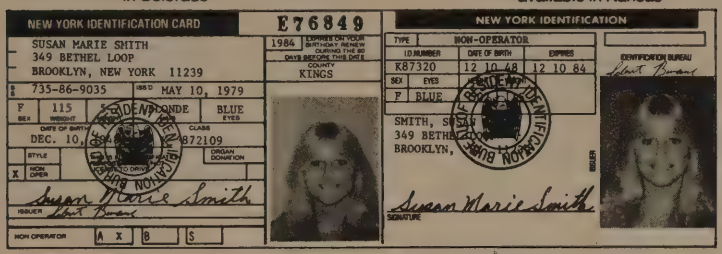

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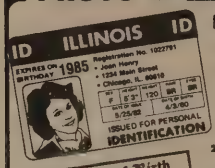

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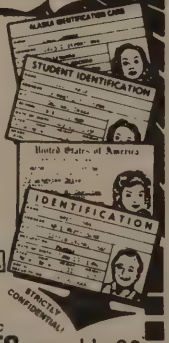

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BREAK IT UP

(As recorded by Foreigner)

MICK JONES

Made myself a pris'ner
I locked myself away
Can't remember the last time
I saw the light of day
Don't wanna to face life
Feel I've been betrayed
I want you to tell me
Where our love went astray.

So can't you wait one more minute
Why can't you wait one more day
Let's get it straight
'Cause it's a big mistake
You better think about it.

I don't wanna break it up
Why do we have to break it up
Never ever wanna break it up oh no
I only wanna make it up tonight.

You say you've thought about it
But you sound so cold
You make it look like our love
Can be bought or sold
But you won't listen
You say it's way too late
That something is missing
And now you just can't wait.

Why can't you wait one more minute
Why can't you wait one more day
Let's get it straight
This is a big mistake
We better think about it.

I don't wanna break it up
Why do we have to break it up
Never ever wanna break it up oh no
I only wanna make it up tonight.

So don't say break it up
I wanna hear you say we'll make it up
I don't wanna break it up
Ooh baby why can't we make it up tonight
Make it up tonight.

And I ask myself
What's wrong with me
How could I be so blind
Although she tried to give me everything
I still couldn't see
Now as I watch our love slip away
I'm beggin' you beggin' you please
Don't break it up
Take a little time and make it up
I don't wanna break it up oh no
I only wanna make it up tonight.

I don't wanna break it up
Baby let me make it up.

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OUT OF WORK

(As recorded by Gary U.S. Bonds)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Eight a.m. I'm up
And my feet's beating on the sidewalk
Down at the unemployment agency
All I get's talk
I check the "want-ads"
But there's just ain't nobody hiring
What's a man supposed to do
When he's down.

And out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work
I'm unemployed
I'm out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work.

I go to pick my girl up
Her name is Linda Brown
Her dad invites me in
He tells me to sit down
The small talk that we're makin'
Is going pretty smooth
But then he drops a bomb
"Son what do you do?"

I'm out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work
I'm unemployed
I'm out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work.

Hey mister president
I know you got good plans
You're doing all you can now
To help the little man
We got to do our best
To whip that inflation down
Maybe you got a job for me
Just driving you around
These tough times they're enough to make a man lose his mind
Up there you got a job
But down here below.
(Repeat chorus)

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LANDSLIDE

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

JOHN FARRAR

Cold winds rarely blow
Here at the end of the rainbow
Guess it's hard to believe
I'd be willing to leave
Someone walked up behind me
Seemed to find me
I felt him standing there
I turned around and saw the face of an angel
I fell
It wasn't fair
It just wasn't fair
He took my heart.

It was a landslide
You know it was a landslide
My head was saying this is the man
My heart agreed
My minor desires turned to major needs
My needs won't be denied
It was a landslide.

Somehow I'm thrilled by all he says
High on his campaign promises
I don't want to come down
I don't wanna come down
No promise he made me
Could persuade me
Like the loneliness
That comes on when I try to go on without him
Doubt him
I confess
I have to confess
He took my heart.

It was landslide
You know it was a landslide
My head was saying this is the man
My heart agreed
My minor desires turned to major needs
My needs won't be denied
It was a landslide.

I'm in heaven when he's around
(I'm in heaven)
In heaven when he's around
(Ooh this is heaven)
I'm hopin' that he might be
(Hopin' he might be)
Feelin' the same as me
(I'm in heaven)
Heaven
It isn't hard to see
(Hard to see)
He took my heart it was a landslide.
(Repeat chorus)

Gonna tell ev'rybody I see
He's the only party for me
It really was a, really was a, you know it was a landslide.

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YOU SHOULD HEAR HOW SHE TALKS ABOUT YOU

(As recorded by Melissa Manchester)

TOM SNOW
DEAN PITCHFORD

She's so very nice
You should break the ice
Let her know that she's on your mind
What-cha tryin' to hide
When you know inside
She's the best thing you'll ever find
Oh can't you see it
Don't you think she's feeling the same
Oh I guarantee it
She's the one who's calling your name.

You should hear how she talks about you
You should hear what she said
She says she would be lost without you
She's half out of her head
(Out of her head)
You should hear how she talks about you
She just can't get enough
She says she would be lost without you
She is really in love.

Spoken:
She's in love with you boy.

I ain't telling tales
Anybody else could repeat
The things that I've heard (heard)
She's been talking sweet
And it's on the street
How the girl's been spreading the word
Oh you should hurry
You should let her know how you feel
Oh now don't you worry
If you're scared her love is for real.
(Repeat chorus)

Oh you should hurry
You should let her know how you feel
Oh now don't you worry
If you're scared her love is for real.
(Repeat chorus)

Talk, talk, talk, talk
See see it's me
(What you said, what you said).
(Repeat chorus)

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IF YOU WANT MY LOVE

(As recorded by Cheap Trick)

RICK NIELSEN

Ah ah ah
If you want my love you got it
When you need my love you got it
I won't hide it
I won't throw your love away oooh.
(Repeat)

Yes I thought you were a mystery girl
A special girl in this crazy old world
You couldn't see me when I laid eyes on you
Lonely is only a place
You don't know what it's like
You can't fight it
It's a hole in my heart, in my heart.

If you want my love you got it
When you need my love you got it
I won't hide it
I won't throw your love away oooh
Ah ah ah
Ah ah ah.

You hold the secrets of love in this world
I'm hypnotized by your every word
A special face, a special voice
A special smile in my life
'Cause lonely is only a place
You don't know what it's like
You can't fight it
It's a hole in my heart, in my heart.

If you want my love you got it
When you need my love you got it
I won't hide it
I won't throw your love away oooh.
(Repeat)

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AFTER THE GLITTER FADES

(As recorded by Stevie Nicks)

STEPHANIE NICKS
a/k/a STEVIE NICKS

Well I never thought I'd make it here in Hollywood
I never thought I'd ever want to stay
What I seem to touch these days has turned to gold
What I seem to want
Well you know I find a way.
For me it's the only life
That I've ever known
And love is only one fine star away
Even though the livin' is sometimes laced with lies
It's alright
The feeling remains even after the glitter fades.
The loneliness of a one night stand is hard to take
We all chase something and maybe this is a dream
The timeless face of a rock and roll woman while her heart breaks
Oh you know the dream keeps comin' even when you forget to feel.
For me it's the only life
That I've ever known
And love is only one fine star away
Even though the livin' is sometimes laced with lies
It's alright
The feeling remains ever after the glitter fades.
(Repeat)
Oh you know the feeling remains even after the glitter fades
Oh the feeling remains
Even after the glitter fades
Oh, oh.

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IF THE LOVE FITS WEAR IT

(As recorded by Leslie Pearl)

LESLIE PEARL
PHIL REDROW

You say you're not sure about love
If this thing we got together is real
But I say what are you afraid of
You're a man now and you know how to feel
Look to your heart and the answer will be
Such a very simple thing.
If the love fits wear it baby
And if it feels good put it on
And if it's not right then just maybe
You'd be better off to leave it alone
If the love fits wear it baby
And if it feels good put it on
And if it looks right then just maybe
This love we have is where you belong.
Baby you've got nothin' to lose
You can try it on and see if it suits you
Maybe if it's not right for you
You can turn and walk away if you choose to
I want you to stay 'cause you feel good to me
But I'll leave it up to you.
(Repeat chorus)
I'd like to hold you boy
And love you all night
And try to make you understand
We've got a good thing and it fits us so tight
But what can I do
It's up to you.
(Repeat chorus)

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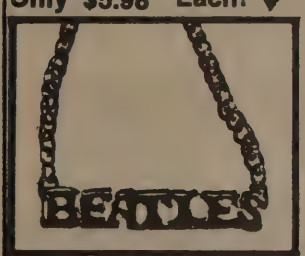

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ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

(As recorded by Blondie)

CHRIS STEIN
DEBBIE HARRY

In Babylon on the boulevard of broken dreams
My will power at the lowest ebb
Oh what can I do
Oh buccaneer
Can ya help me put my truck in gear
Can ya take me far away from here
Save my soul from sin.

You wanna get away
You've had it man
Nothing's going right
So come sit on the sands of the island
Island of lost souls
No luxuries no no amenities
To dull your senses oh oh
Only primitive hey hey
Really get away is what he said.

Where did he go
I'm tired of waiting here for him
Where can he be
He's not with me
Where did he go
What will I do alone
Why did he run
Run away from me.

The sky is blue
The sea is warm and clear
And golden sands are calling out to you
Inviting make a new man outta you
You can come for a while
Come with a friend
Forget about work
Start all over again
Let the real you through
Here's what we do.

Where did he go
I'm tired of waiting here for him
Where can he be
He's not with me
Where did he go
What will I do alone
Why did he run
Run away from me.

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ABRACADABRA

(As recorded by the Steve Miller Band)

STEVE MILLER

Every time you call my name
I heat up like a burning flame
A burning flame full of desire
Kiss me baby let the fire get higher.

I heat up
I can't cool down
You got me spinnin'
'Round and 'round
'Round and 'round and 'round it goes
Where it stops nobody knows.

Abra abra cadabra
I want to reach out and grab ya
Abra abra cadabra
Abracadabra.

You make me hot
You make me sigh
You make me laugh
You make me cry
Keep me burnin' for your love
With the touch of a velvet glove.

Abra abra cadabra
I want to reach out and grab ya
Abra abra cadabra
Abracadabra.

I feel magic in your caress
I feel magic when I touch your dress
Silk and satin, leather and lace
Black panties with an angel's face
I hear those words that you always say.

Abra abra cadabra
I want to reach out and grab ya
Abra abra cadabra
Abracadabra.

Every time you call my name
I heat up like a burnin' flame
Burnin' flame full of desire
Kiss me baby let the fire get higher.

I heat up
I can't cool down
The situation goes 'round and 'round.

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Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

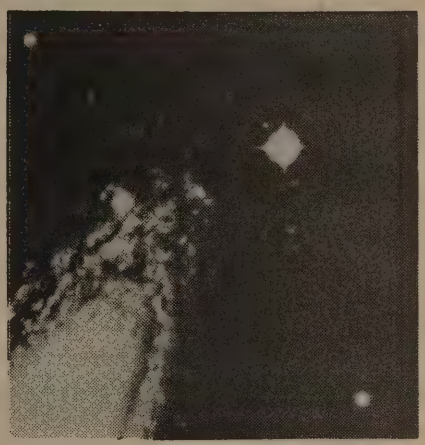
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!



Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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LOVELINE

(As recorded by Dr. Hook)

EDDIE RABBITT
EVEN STEVENS
DAVID MALLOY

If you ever need me
Call me on your phone line
You got my number
If you ever want me
It's your lifeline
And if your heart gets lonely
I'm your loveline.
And if you ever feel sad
Need someone to hold you
When no one knows you
Or understands you like I do
And no one means as much girl as you do.
So take your time
It's just my heart you're breakin'
I don't mind
Though my whole world is shaking
I'll be fine.
Wonder where you are now
Sitting by my window
If ever it should rain
Just remember there's a rainbow
'Cause someone thinks about you wherever you go.
So take your time
It's just my heart you're breakin'
I don't mind
Though my whole world is shaking
I'll be fine.
And if you ever need me
Just call me on the phone line
You got my number
If you ever want me
It's your lifeline
And if you're ever lonely
I'm your loveline
Baby I'm your loveline.

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EVEN THE NIGHTS ARE BETTER

(As recorded by Air Supply)

J. L. WALLACE
TERRY SKINNER
KEN BELL

I, I was the lonely one
Wondering what went wrong
Why love had gone
And left me lonely
I, I was so confused
Feeling like I'd just been used
Then you came to me
And my loneliness left me.
I used to think I was tied to a heartache
That was the heartbreak
But now that I've found you.
Even the nights are better
Now that we're here together
Even the nights are better
Since I found you oh
Even the days are brighter
When someone you love's beside ya
Even the nights are better
Since I found you.
You, you knew just what to do
'Cause you had been lonely too
And you showed me how to ease the pain
And you did more than mend a broken heart
'Cause now you've made a fire start
And I, I can see
That you feel the same way.
I never dreamed there'd be someone to hold me
Until you told me
And now that I've found you.
(Repeat chorus)

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PERSONALLY

(As recorded by Karla Bonoff)

PAUL KELLY

I've been writing letters every day now
Since you've been gone
Talking to you by telephone
For what seems like a whole life long
But I've got something to give you
That the mailman can't deliver
I can't mail it in
I can't phone it in
I can't send it in
Even by your closest kin
The thing that I'm speaking of
Is a whole lot of love
A whole mess of love.
I'm bringing it to you
Personally
I'm bringing it to you
Personally.

I need your love
I want your love
I need your love
I want your love.

I'm bringing it to you
Personally.

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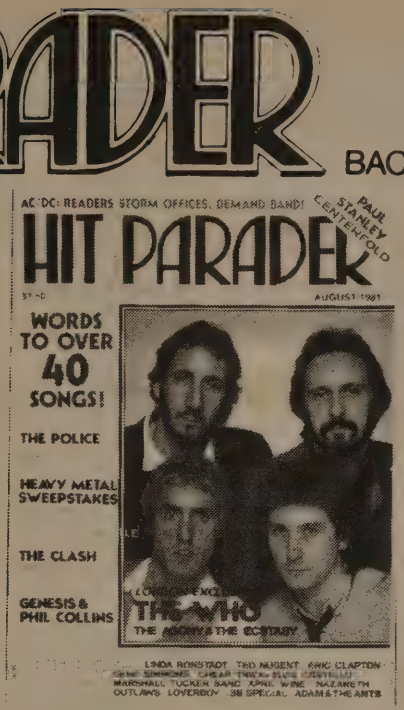
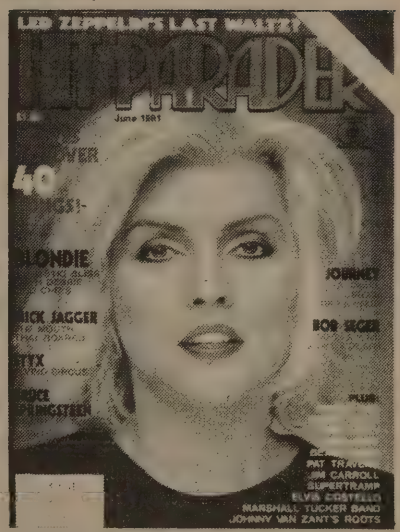
HIT PARADER BACK COPIES

September 81



August 81



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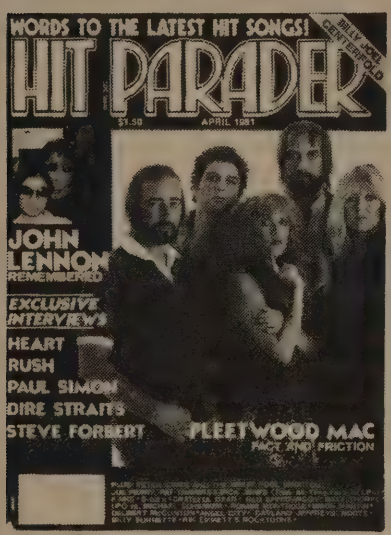
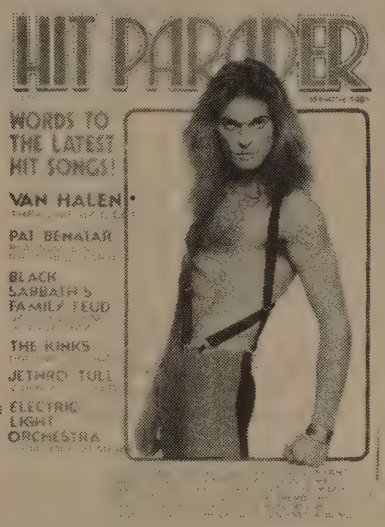


April 81



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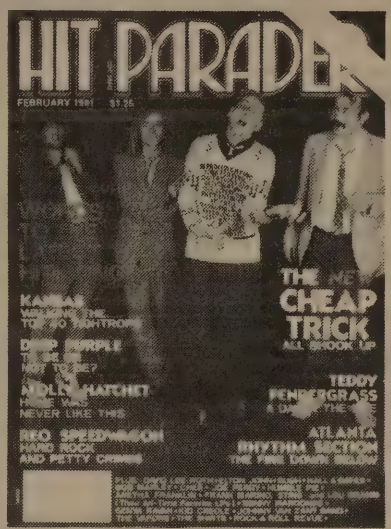

February 81

March, 1982
The Police — Straight Shooting
Genesis — Best & Brightest
Rolling Stones Exclusive Interview — More Than Meets The Eye
AC/DC's Angus Young — In His Own Words
Jon Anderson — And Then There Were None

December, 1981
Blondie — Debbie Harry's Dark Roots
Moody Blues — Song Without End
Hall & Oates — Catchy Kind Of Guys
Foreigner — The Less The Merrier
Rossington Collins Band — Will Success Spoil Them?

February, 1982
Kiss — Go For Broke
Molly Hatchet — Rock & Roll Gasoline
Billy Joel — The Lone Ranger
Grateful Dead — Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Adam & The Ants — Going In Style

November, 1981
The Rolling Stones — Confessions Of A Fanatic
Billy Squier — Man On The Run
Journey — Once Captured, Now Escaped
The Allman Brothers Band — Judgment Day
Joe Walsh — Eagle Flies Alone

January, 1982
Hit Parader's Top Ten: Readers Vote AC/DC #1 Rock Act In America
Stevie Nicks — Poetry In Motion
Black Sabbath vs. Ozzy Osbourne — Clash Of The Titans
Paul McCartney — Fame And Misfortune

October, 1981
Queen — Fun In Space
Pat Benatar — The Real Thing
The Doors — Still Lighting Fires
Def Leppard — Heavy Metal or Light Alloy?
Roger Daltrey — The Who's Singer As Actor, Fighter and Family Man

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EBONY AND IVORY

(As recorded by Paul McCartney with Stevie Wonder)

McCARTNEY

Ebony and ivory
Live together in perfect harmony
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

We all know
That people are the same
Wherever you go
There is good and bad
In everyone
When we learn to live
We learn to give each other
What we need to survive
Together alive.

Ebony and ivory
Live together in perfect harmony
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

Ebony, ivory
Living in perfect harmony
Ebony, ivory.

We all know
That people are the same
Wherever you go
There is good and bad
In everyone
We learn to live
When we learn to give each other
What we need to survive
Together alive.

Ebony and ivory
Live together in perfect harmony
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

Ebony, ivory
Living in perfect harmony
Ebony, ivory
Living in perfect harmony.

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HURTS SO GOOD

(As recorded by John Cougar)

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

When I was a young boy
Said put away those young boy ways
Now that I'm getting older so much older
I long for those young boy days.

With a girl like you
With a girl like you
Lord knows there are things we can do baby
Just me and you.

Come on and make it
Hurt so good
Come on baby make it hurt so good
Sometimes love don't feel like it should
You make it hurt so good.

Don't have to be so exciting
Just tryin' to get myself a little bit of fun yeah
You always look so inviting
You ain't as green as you are young.

Hey baby it's you
Come on girl now it's you
Sink your teeth right through my bones baby
Let's see what we can do.

Come on and make it
Hurt so good
Come on baby make it hurt so good
Sometimes love don't feel like it should
You make it hurt so good.

I ain't talkin' no big deals
I ain't made no plans myself
I ain't talkin' no high heels
Maybe we could uh walk around all day long
Walk around all day long.

Hurt so good
Come on baby make it hurt so good
Sometimes love don't feel like it shoud
You make it hurt so good.

Hurt so good
(Come on baby now)
Come on baby
Make it hurt so good
Sometimes love don't feel like it should
You make it hurt so good.

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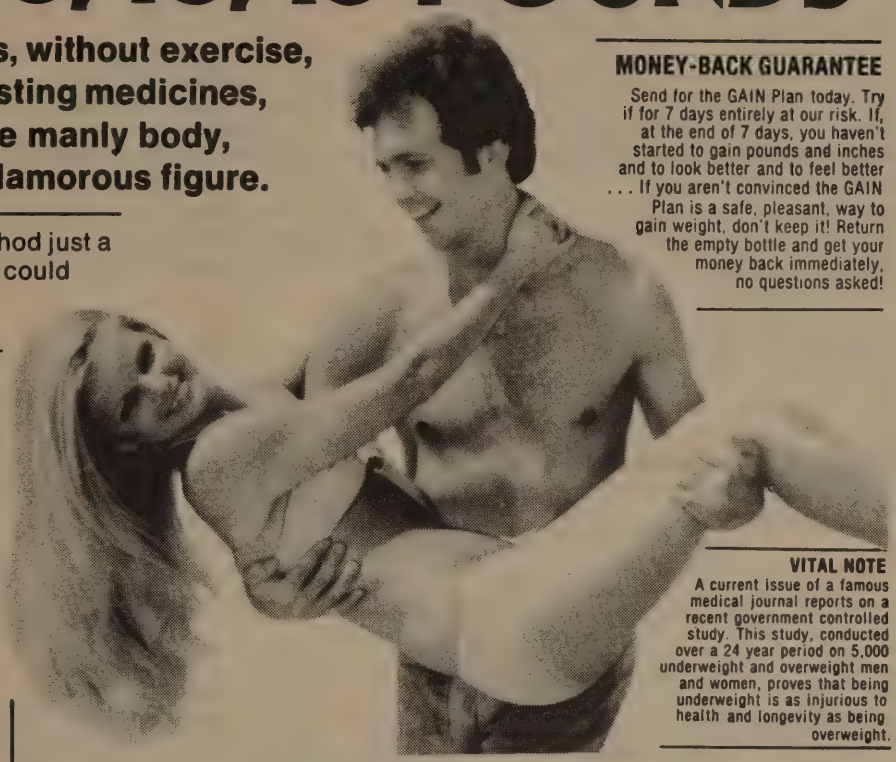

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A current issue of a famous medical journal reports on a recent government controlled study. This study, conducted over a 24 year period on 5,000 underweight and overweight men and women, proves that being underweight is as injurious to health and longevity as being overweight.

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Those high-calorie GAIN tablets are rich in body-building materials! They not only add weight themselves, but they sharpen your appetite! You look forward to mealtimes, and without even realizing it, you start to eat more and almost immediately the weight gaining process begins!

As you follow your GAIN Plan which includes nutritional high calorie menus. You add pounds and inches to your arms, legs, chest, hips, everywhere. You'll be amazed at the fantastic transformation that occurs . . . as thin, unattractive areas start to develop into new magnetic appeal. You'll be thrilled to discover that as you gain weight you will have more pep and energy for all the wonderful things in life!

THINK OF WHAT THIS CAN MEAN TO YOU

If you are one of those unfortunate people who can't wear all the new high style clothes you want to wear . . . if you are ashamed of the way you look in a bathing suit . . . embarrassed because your legs are too thin and spindly . . . your chest is too flat . . . your arms aren't the full, rounded limbs they were meant to be . . . If you long for a more attractive-looking body, the safe, pleasant GAIN Plan can be the answer to your prayers!

Yes, now, with the GAIN Plan to help, it's so easy, so pleasant to add pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh . . . so fulfilling to feel better, stronger, more vital and alive! But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself at our risk!

If you sincerely want to gain weight, and to look better and feel better as a result,

HERE IS OUR OFFER . . .

We honestly believe the GAIN Plan to be the finest and most effective product of its type sold anywhere in the world today, and to prove our confidence, we are backing that statement up with this honest, straightforward offer . . .

Try the fabulous new GAIN Plan in your own home at our risk. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't started to see substantial weight gain within 7 days, and if you don't feel better and look better as a result, or, if you are not completely satisfied for any reason, PAY NOTHING! It's just as simple as that.

If you are in doubt . . . even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your appearance, and your happiness, at least try it! If the GAIN Plan works the way we know it will, you'll agree it is worth the few dollars it cost.

On the other hand, if it doesn't work the way you expected, it costs you nothing, and a least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense.

What could be fairer than that? The next move is up to you. Once and for all, determine to do something about your underweight! We know you'll be happy you did.

SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE

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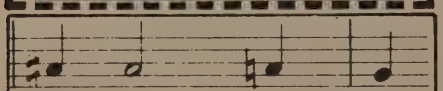

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PIECE OF MY HEART

(As recorded by Sammy Hagar)

BERT BERNS
JERRY RAGAVOY

Didn't I make you feel
Like you were the only one
And didn't I give you ev'rything that I could
Well didn't I give it to you now baby
After all the love I gave you
There was never enough
Well I'm gonna show you baby
That this man can get tough.

Just come on, come on, come on, come on
Take it
Take another little piece of my heart now baby
Break it
Break another little piece of my heart and throw it away
Take it
Take another little piece of my heart now baby
You know you got it
If it makes you feel good ah yea.

Out there in the streets lookin' good
And in your heart you know it ain't right
Yea and ya never, never, never, never, hear me when I cry all night
I keep trying to tell myself that I can't stand the pain
But then ya hold me in your arms ooh baby
And I gotta say it again.

Just come on, come on, yea come on, come on
Take it
Take another little piece of my heart now baby
Break it
Break another little piece off and just throw it away
Break it
Break another little piece of my heart now baby
You know you got it
If it makes you feel good.

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THE LAST SAFE PLACE ON EARTH

(As recorded by Le Roux)

JEFF POLLARD

Sirens ripping down the street
It's a steamy southern night
Melting in the heat
It's hard to breathe
A red hot summer
Lost in the crowd like one small number

Your love like a shining light
A shelter from the darkness of this long black night
Coming apart at the seams don't make it
Don't know if my heart is gonna take it now.

Running to the last safe place on earth
When there's nothing else that I can do
Running to the last safe place on earth
Here with you.

Little men waving great big guns
Front page news they want to be someone
There's always a fire somewhere burning
At the breaking point the world keeps turning.

Your love like a flame so warm
A refuge in the middle of this crazy storm
Down to wire there's one decision
I reach for your love
You're my vision now.

(Repeat chorus)

Welcome to the last safe place
Welcome to the last safe place
Welcome to the last safe place on earth
Here with you
Here with you.

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KIDS IN AMERICA

(As recorded by Kim Wilde)

RICKY WILDE
MARTY WILDE

Looking out a dirty old window
Down below the cars in the city go rushing by
I sit here alone and I wonder why
Friday night and ev'ryone's moving
I can feel the heat but it's soothing heading down
I search for the beat in this dirty town
Downtown the young ones are going
Downtown the young ones are growing.

We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Ev'rybody lives for the music go round.

Bright lights the music gets faster
Look boy don't check on your watch not another glance
I'm not leaving now honey not a chance
Hot shot give me no problems
Much later baby you'll be saying never mind
You know life is cruel, life is never kind
Kind hearts don't make a new story
Kind hearts don't grab any glory.

We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Ev'rybody lives for the music go round
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la.

Come closer honey that's better
Got to get a brand new experience feeling right
Oh don't try to stop baby hold me tight
Outside a new day is dawning
Outside suburbia's sprawling ev'rywhere
I don't want to go baby
New York to East California
There's a new wave coming
I warn you.
(Repeat chorus)

We're the kids
We're the kids
We're the kids in America.

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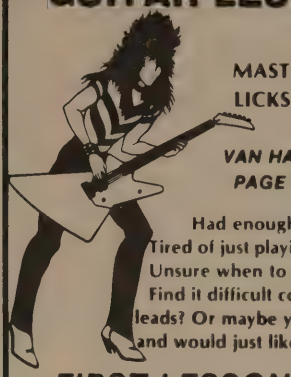

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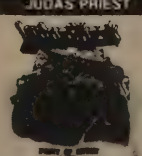

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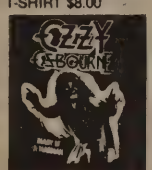

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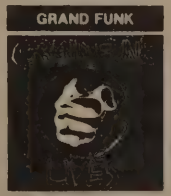

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ROSANNA

(As recorded by Toto)

DAVID PAICH

All I wanna do when I wake up in the mornin' is see your eyes
Rosanna, Rosanna
Never thought that a girl like you could ever care for me
Rosanna
All I wanna do in the middle of the evenin' is hold you tight
Rosanna, Rosanna
I didn't know you would look for more than I could ever be.

Not quite a year since she went away
Rosanna yea
Now she's gone and I have to say
Meet you all the way
Meet you all the way
Rosanna yea
Meet you all the way
Meet you all the way
Rosanna yea.

I can see your face still shining thru the window on the other side
Rosanna, Rosanna
I didn't know that a girl like you could make me feel so sad
Rosanna
All I wanna take is not ever havin' to compromise
Rosanna, Rosanna
I never thought that losin' you could ever hurt so bad.

Not quite a year since she went away
Rosanna yea
Now she's gone and I have to say
Meet you all the way
Meet you all the way
Rosanna yea
Meet you all the way
Meet you all the way
Rosanna yea.
(Repeat)

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PLAY THE GAME TONIGHT

(As recorded by Kansas)

KERRY LIVGREN
PHIL EHART
RICH WILLIAMS
DANNY FLOWER
R. FRAZIER

You think that something's happening
And it's bigger than your life
But it's only what you're hearing
Will you still remember
When the morning light has come
Will the songs be playing over and over
Till you do it all over again.

Play, play the game tonight
Can you tell me if it's wrong or right
Is it worth the time
Is it worth the price
Do you see yourself in the white spotlight
Then play the game tonight.

And when the curtains open
To the roaring of the crowd
You will feel it all around you
Then it finally happens
And it's all come true for you
And the songs are playing over and over
Till you do it all over again.

Play, play the game tonight
Can you tell me if it's wrong or right
Is it worth the time
Is it worth the price
Do you see yourself in the white spotlight
Then play the game tonight.

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TURN ON YOUR RADAR

(As recorded by Prism)

MORGAN WALKER

I'm from another country
It's an alien nation
It's in another world
Of my own creation
I'm light years away
And nobody's trying to reach me
Despite what I say
Nobody knows what I mean.

I wish I was travelin'
Where someone knew me
But everywhere I go
They seem to see right through me
I'm like an object in space
Searching the ground for a landing
I can't find a place
Where anyone knows what I am.

Turn on your radar, radar, radar, radar on
Turn on your radar, radar, radar
I don't wanna be alone
Turn on your radar, radar, radar.

I'd like to have the feeling
That someone needs me
Like to get some kind of signal
That someone reads me
They don't wanna hear
How can I get them to listen
Isn't it clear
All I want is somebody to love.

Turn your radar, radar, radar, radar on
Turn on your radar, radar, radar
I don't wanna be alone
Turn on your radar, radar, radar.

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TAINTED LOVE

(As recorded by Soft Cell)

ED COBB

Sometimes I feel I've got to run away
I've got to get away
From the pain you drive into the heart of me
The love we share seems to go nowhere
And I've lost my light for I toss and turn
I can't sleep at night.

Once I ran to you
Now I'll run from you
This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not living
Oh tainted love
Tainted love.

Now I know I've got to run away
I've got to get away
You don't really want it any more from me
To make things right you need someone to hold you tight
And you'll think love is to pray
But I'm sorry I don't pray that way.

Once I ran to you
Now I'll run from you
This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not living
Oh tainted love
Tainted love
Don't touch me please
I cannot stand the way you tease
I love you though you hurt me so
Now I'm gonna pack my things and go
Tainted love.

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Cheap Trick: Jon Brant, Rick Nielsen, Robin Zander, Bun E. Carlos.

CHEAP TRICK

GOOD HUMOR MEN

The Life & Times Of A Devoted Fan

by Cary Baker

Imagine being a college student whose earnest efforts to bookworm it are forever foiled by minor distractions like rock and roll. And then, as danger signs encroach (nearly flunk Math 102, poli-sci prof takes a disliking to the kid whose head is forever in riffland), a rock and roll dream-come-true lands in town.

They're called Cheap Trick. The year is 1975.

Why such a band came out of the tundra lands of Northern Illinois is never quite clear. But suddenly, they're a near-weekly fixture in my college burg, soon to spread their infectious madness throughout the nation and world.

What follows are sketches from a notebook of a fan and friend. The vignettes don't tell the whole story, nor are they necessarily chronological. But they should help shatter the myth that *special* rock and roll groups came either from England, New York or L.A. So, with pick-axe and pen, we embark on a few scenes in Rockford, Illinois and the rest of the world.

I. A TRULY DROWSY NIGHT, 1975. The "Do Not Disturb" sign from the Motel 6 in town is affixed to my door, which probably explains why the boors and louts on my floor won't give me a moment's peace. I'd been flying for seven nights straight and just want this night to sink into the sunset. I'm starting to nod out as the phone rings. It's Lori, the #1 rock follower on Northern Illinois University campus in DeKalb.

Her scoop *ce soir* is Cheap Trick, a band I've heard glowing reports on and was confident I'd catch up with in time.

"But Lor, I'm practically a zombie. An' I'm broke on top of things."

"No excuses — these guys are the Kinks, Move, Nazz and Beatles rolled into one. And I'm paying your cover charge and buying your drinks."

"Raincheck? Next time through?"

"I'll be right over."

Well, maybe three songs and one drink. I'm too tired to even look in the mirror. At 9:30, we're seated among the DeKalb rock intelligentsia at the Red Lion Pub.

The impact of what awaits me onstage isn't easily retraceable. Psychic overload, most likely. At stage left is what appears a hotel bellboy on amphetamines — an animated marionette with maroon sweater, bowtie, ankle-high sweats and sneaks — playing some of the most acrobatic guitar on earth. This man, Rick Nielsen of nearby Rockford, is the acknowledged band leader, chief songwriter and spokesman.

In the middle is blond lead singer Robin Zander, then with very short hair, his pipes echoing Lennon, Bowie and Davies with a grain all his own.

On the right is dark, bramble-tressed Tom Peterson (his surname refangled to contain two "s" 's in the years to come, to play up the purported European mystique of the band), wielding a throbbing 4- and 12-string bass with the power to foil Nielsen's lithe, comedic guitar artillery.

And one can't help but be fascinated by Bun E. Carlos at the traps. Bun, it would seem, was the kid at Rockford High School who loved rock and roll, but wasn't blessed with the gaunt build, chisled facial features or flowing head of hair. He chain smokes as he plays his drums like a demon. I later discover Bun is a devoted record collector, specializing in singles from the '60s who trades with a network of fans.

I make it my immediate business to learn more about this band, starting with an auto expedition to their hometown of Rockford.

For the record, I was a cheap date on that eye-opening night. Cover charge, if memory serves, was $1 with 75¢ draft pitchers. And I danced 'til the final encore. Ah, college...

II. DISCOVERING ROCKFORD. I'd grown up in Chicago and its suburbs, even lived in a small town for a while. But I have to admit, Rockford (pop: 150,000) threw me for a loop. So full of shopping malls, revved-up Trans Am's, beautiful primped-up boys and girls, TV antennas tall enough to pick up Peoria, churches, factories and subdivisions.

I receive an assignment from the **Rockford Lively Times** to write a cover story on my new favorite local band. Meeting takes place at the magazine's office on the second floor of an older downtown building. Rick Nielson looks more than a little conspicuous walking by the receptionist in full costume. Interview is conducted, written, sent in. I anxiously call to see if the papers have come off the press a week later. Yes, the publisher replies, but without the feature. Nielsen has rejected the story. Too revealing for a band with no history.

III. OF ROCKFORD, RUNAWAYS & RODNEY. I'd planned to drive back to Rockford that night anyway for the combined purpose of seeing Joan Jett and the Runaways at Charlotte's Web and Cheap Trick at the Phoenix. When the Runaways repeat their first set, my buddies and I burn rubber to catch Cheap Trick prior to a marathon 3 a.m. drive home. Between sets, I grab Nielsen and reprimand him for his rather misplaced prior restraint of my article. We reach an agreement on some modifications and the story goes to press. "Who's that guy you were just talking to?" queries a fan in the first tier. Replies Nielsen: "Rodney Bingenheimer."

IV. BUN E. AT HOME, 1976. As our relationship advances, I receive invitations to the homes of Nielsen and Carlos. Bun E., at the time, inhabits a stark studio apartment above a bar in a slightly seedy fringe of downtown, with few if any windows, scant furniture and stacks of 45 RPM records spindled by drumsticks. I'm given a very early tape of an after-hours entity called Bun E. Carlos' Air Farce — basement jams of Bun E. and local comrades doing Flamin' Groovies and Eagles covers just for fun. I soon notice that Bun E. and everyone else I've met so far in Rockford uses the word "cool" often, stretching it out to two syllables. *"Coo-ool!"*

A wonderful oldies listening session among connoisseurs comes to a close as Bun E. glances at his watch, discovering he has an hour to clean up and get to DeKalb — precisely my destination — to visit his girlfriend.

I soon befriend Bun E.'s DeKalb companion, and we become regular drinking buddies. The better acquainted we get, the more "the band without a history" has enough past to fill a book.

By this time, CT's first Epic album is out — an instant critics' fave with *Daddy Should Have Stayed In High School* and *He's A Whore*. Liner notes by Eric Von Lustbader tell a completely different story of the band (Parisian subways and the like) than the one I've observed.

V. RATING WITH NIELSEN. I'm washing the dishes as the phone rings. "Ay, Cary," chimes the cartoon-character voice at the other end. "It's Rick. I'm calling one person for each letter of the alphabet this morning. I've already called Ken Adamany (CT's manager). You're B. But I can't talk long because I have to call Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Walter Egan and Mick Fleetwood."

I dry my hands and we talk. I mention that *Surrender*, a tune from their earliest sets, might be a good song to resurrect. Nielsen ponders that one, then responds, "Yeah, that one *did* have a good hook."

"It's Rick. I'm calling one person for each letter of the alphabet this morning."

I return to my dishes; Nielsen presumably rings up Slowhand.

VI. ATTEMPTED RADIO CAREER, 1977. This typewriter pusher is plenty nervous about his live radio debut as on-air promo's herald Cheap Trick's interview live in the studios of Y-95. The foursome arrives in some combination of inconspicuous hatchbacks.

Things are going, well, okay, save for a stammer here, a stutter there. I ask one question I'll never now recall, to which Nielsen — in a playful attempt to disarm me — replies: "You know the answer to that one, Cary." Help, Mr. Wizard!

It's downhill from there. The program director charitably doesn't mention the fiasco when we next talk. Back to editorial...

VII. CHICAGO-BOUND. I graduate, move to Chicago, and stop to consider that CT's early career had been the soundtrack of my five years in Rockford/DeKalb. By now, the band is playing 20,000-plus seaters. Then, a Japanese tour materializes and months later, the Budokan concert is released on LP. Import copies command $12.98 stateside. Soon, Epic senses a demand, and the live *I Want You To Want Me* catches fire.

There is a period of noncommunication during Budokan's sovereignty.

Then, we learn Tom Petersson was leaving the fold, to be replaced by Pete Comita. I receive my charter from the **Illinois Entertainer** to write a cover story.

Nielsen and I agree over the phone that the conversation is, by now, a little familiar. Therefore, we gloss over the preliminaries and advance to the issue of personnel change in CT's seemingly unshakable symmetry.

I'm somewhat disappointed with the material I've gotten for the story. It lacks color, depth, *something*. So I load up the car and head for Rockford unannounced on a fall Saturday morning. First stop is Rick's parents' store. While "Pa" Nielsen has retired from a long musical career that commenced with Chicago's Lyric Opera, he now helps "Ma" Nielsen in her Music Box gift shop. The store is a cornucopia of gifts, pre- and post-Madison Avenue alike, with a concentration of antique music boxes. In a far corner, the Nielsens carry Cheap Trick memorabilia — shirts, guitar picks and fan-made items from all over the world.

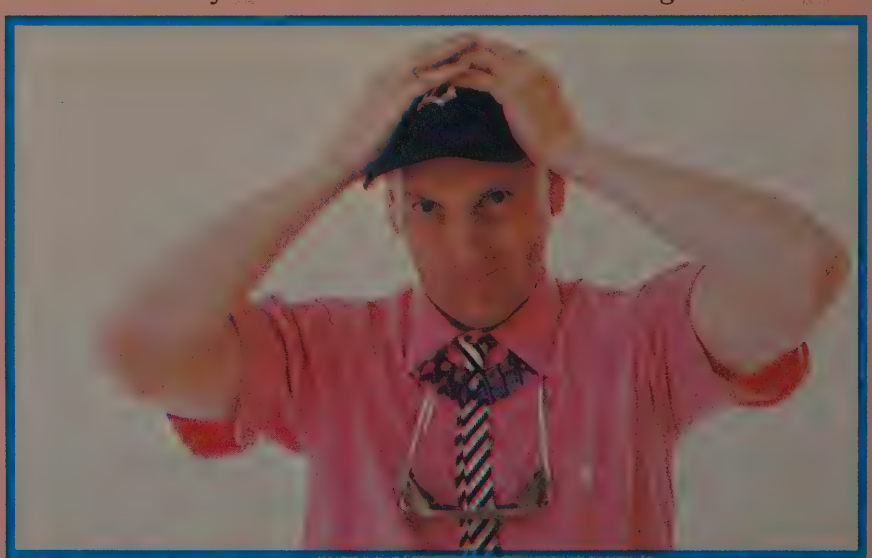
The couple treats this stranger with the utmost cordiality, both even acknowledging my byline. Ralph is a regular Red Skelton; one sees where Rick picked up his quick wit as well as his elephantine ears.

"It's too bad you just missed Rick," "Ma" Nielsen says. "He was here a minute ago to get his mail."

I mention that I'd love to talk to him if possible, so she rings him up.

"Ay, Cary," the cartoon voice bellows. Before a minute has passed, Nielsen announces that "the others" were to arrive at his brand new house shortly. Why don't I drop by and say hello?

"You'll have to give me an



Does Rick Nielsen ever remove his cap? "It's surgically sewn on. It only comes off for transplants. *Brain* transplants."

Laurie Paladino

"My companion melts as Robin Zander serenades her with his finest throaty maneuvers."

address and direction," I ask, having never been to the new Chez Nielsen.

He pauses, puzzled for a moment. Then, in his canine-fricative voice, Rick responds, "Now you're getting *personal*!"

Mrs. Nielsen draws a map that leads me high in the hills above the Rock River Valley, winding my way up through *la creme de la creme* as if Beverly Hills. Then, at the end of a sidestreet, sits an American dream of a house. The license plates on his vehicles leave no doubt. In deference to Nielsen's right to privacy, we'll reveal no more except to say that his vanity Illinois license plates provide optimal legal utilization of seven characters.

Saturday mid-afternoon — a day that you or I might get out the faded work shirt and patched jeans and do the laundry — Nielsen is sitting around his house dressed like, well, Rick Nielsen. He offers a beer (Lite) and then another, as Robin, Bun E. and Pete arrive at staggered intervals.

Then, we descend into a basement that — what's above it considered — is Any Basement, U.S.A. with stucco walls, low ceilings and Cheap Trick's full stage set-up beside a pool table. Rehearsal that day addresses a song called *I Love You Baby (But I Hate Your Friends)* and my companion and I are told we can sit in if we dance. We reticently oblige, social manipulation a small price to pay for this scenario.

My companion melts as Robin Zander serenades her with his finest throaty maneuvers. I revel as Nielsen's sawmill leads and Bun E.'s kicks and pockets pulsate unmixed in Rick's basement.

VIII. NOW APPEARING: THE RANDY MEN. What if Cheap Trick were to play a small club in the Chicago suburbs and not let anybody know? Successful world-citizen eccentrics that they've become, they decide to test-market **All Shook Up** at tiny Haymaker's in the malignant mallside suburb of Prospect Heights. By now, everyone knows Cheap Trick can command 20,000 or more people, so the marquee at Haymaker's welcomes "THE RANDY MEN." The Chicago rumor mill — the one that later re-organized to conjecture as to the Rolling Stones' whereabouts at every moment — is ablaze with reports that the Randy Men are actually the Merry Tricksters.

Everybody puts down what they're doing to get to Haymaker's — Marion "Ma" Nugent (mother of Terrible Ted and perennial Chicago scenemaker in her own right), members of every self-respecting band and all the radio/record brass. Attire spans satin-jacketed paunch to spiked hair.

Following a ho-hum set from Wisconsin's Take Me (a band that has since improved a hundredfold), Cheap Trick mounts the bar stage with all the anticipated regalia.

"Ay, we're the Randy Men from Prospect Heights, Illinois," Rick snarls, and the Tricksters fire away into a show that blows the roof off the dry-walled club. And there isn't much acoustic paneling left by the time Nielsen is through, bashing it with his custom-made Hamer guitars. (Paul Hamer himself, is in attendance — his workshop located a short jog away in Arlington Heights.)

IX. RECORDING *ONE ON ONE*. Where past LP's have been tracked at the Record Plant, Kendun or AIR with producers Jack Douglas, Tom Werman and George Martin, it's closer to home this time as they move their entourage and guitar arsenal into an isolated recording studio in a university town just north of Chicago city limits.

Roy Thomas Baker is producing, and with him comes an aura of platinum mischief. When a phone call he's expected fails to come in, Baker throws the phone against the drywall, pierces a permanent hole, and signs it, "RTB." The studio hangs a decidedly ugly painting over it, but frequently removes it to unveil its celeb status symbol.

During the early months of 1982, the gold Lincoln limo with California "RTB - ROCK" license plates is frequently spotted along Lake Shore Drive, where Rick, Robin, Bun E. and Pete hit the club circuit and jam with Midwest acts Off Broadway, Pezband, Loose Lips and Take Me.

X. EPILOGUE. From 1975 until now, Cheap Trick have been an inextricable part of this fan's life. They just as often go into seclusion, work on their own projects, and calls to Ken Adamany's office will often reveal that they're in Australia or New Zealand until after you needed to talk to them. They've even changed bass players a third time — employing dark-haired Jon Brant, a Chicago bar band veteran.

A number of notable quotables of unknown origin seem to resonate in my mind. Rick, for instance, always plugs Maria's Pizza, a half-seedy little joint in an Italian/Hispanic/Black section of Rockford. The thin-crust pizza doesn't appeal to a Chicago-trained palate, but the experience does ooze with Tricklore.

At one time, I ask Rick if he ever removes his ballcap, to shower, for instance, or in those intimate moments that his songs would qualify him as an expert in.

"No," he chirps in what I've come to believe constitutes a Rockford dialect, "It's surgically sewn on. It only comes off for transplants. *Brain* transplants."

And now, with **One On One**, the legacy, the mystique and the humor continue. It may never again be "one on one" — four on 50,000 might be more like it.

But the interesting road to the top, the Rockford memories, the hope of a Randy Men reunion someday and the fantasy of receiving a call when I'm doing the dishes, keeps me a fan in good standing.

Come to think of it, those dishes have been sitting in the sink since **One On One** was in pre-production rhythm tracks. Maybe by now, Nielsen is setting upon a morning of calls to Laurie Anderson, myself, Truman Capote, John Davidson, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, Jane Fonda and Indira Ghandi.

And I'd sell my shrink-wrapped copy of Nielsen's 1970 **Fuse** album and vault-protected copy of Bun E. Carlos' Air Farce before I'd miss that call!□

Jeffrey Mayer

Freddie Mercury (front view): "God, we argue sometimes about the smallest detail."

QUEEN
The One and Only

Rock Monarchs Pass The Test Of Time.

by Toby Goldstein

Queen is the sort of band whose larger-than-life presentation, outrageous antics and just plain ballsiness would have made P.T. Barnum proud. Their infrequent U.S. tours, including their current one, resemble no less than a three-ring circus coming to town. And, more than once, their appearance has been heralded with controversy.

Drummer Roger Taylor calls the group's latest album, **Hot Space**, "intelligently dirty." Lead singer — and friend of tightsmakers — Freddie Mercury helped formulate the nude body design for the single sleeve of *Body Language*, which has already been censored by certain retailers. And how could we ever forget the (choose one) disgusting/exciting poster of 60 bare-butted women that promoted *Fat-Bottomed Girls* back in 1978?

Whatever you might think of the high-visibility introduction of Queen records, the fact remains that for over 10 years the band's audiences have welcomed their stunts wholeheartedly. And Queen's critics (of which there are many) might be stumped when asked to name one other so-called "dinosaur" hard rock band who've gotten a number one R&B hit, scored a film and composed an international hit with David Bowie — all in the last few years.

Muses Roger Taylor: "We've gotten a lot of flack in our time, and I never took any notice of what people said. We're not so heavily criticized now as we once were, but success is still a dirty word in England. I'm not saying we're wonderful, or perfect. We make lots of mistakes. We've done some things which I thought were truly horrendous. No, I won't give you an example!"

Freddie Mercury views the band's position a little more subtly, but with equal determination.

"Sure, there are bitter rows, just like there are in many families. God, we argue sometimes about the smallest detail. But we all know that fundamentally our aims are very similar — to continue making good music and stretching ourselves beyond what's been done before by the band."

The combined ill fortunes of death and taxes have reduced the number of intact superstar bands who ply a worldwide trade to a small handful. Whenever one of these hardy survivors begins a second, or even third decade of recording and performing, audiences breathe sighs of relief that another of their favorites has lasted.

As Queen starts their second decade of music-making, these four very different people can't point to one specific fact that's held them together through eleven albums and a great deal of musical evolution.

First of all, the group's somewhat schizophrenic appearance includes the mustache and flagrant garb of Freddie Mercury; the no-nonsense style of John Deacon; the hippie-ish luxuriant curls of Brian May and Roger Taylor's flippant casualness.

Judging from the individual contributions to **Hot Space**, each Queen member also wears his own musical hat. Freddie Mercury and John Deacon have grown deeply involved with funk rhythms, as the ballet buff and the bassist decide that boogie is more fun. Taylor's tunes, both on last year's solo album, **Fun in Space**, and on tracks such as *Calling All Girls*, reveal that he's been paying attention to the electronic-pop sounds currently dominating Europe's charts. Brian May, meanwhile, throws his emotions into his songs, contributing a lavish ballad called *Las Palabras de Amor*, a tribute to Queen's Latin American fans.

Somehow, these diverse strains were pulled together under the cloak of Queen's distinct harmonic

blends and dynamic skill to give **Hot Space** a group unity. The record divides writing credits almost equally, and in another new development, features everyone in the band playing some synthesized instrument. The group's use of keyboards has grown considerably since they were introduced on *Play the Game*.

"Keyboards can kick out quite a good bass sound now," explains Deacon. "It gives Brian and Freddie the room to expand themselves on the bass end, whereas before I've always done it. And it allows me the opportunity to do other things, like play guitar." If Queen started their career with a set pattern of heavily chorded, theatrical music, each member stuck in a specific role, they've certainly developed a great deal of flexibility along the way.

It was always hard, for one thing, to accept Freddie Mercury's image, as he bounded all over giant halls in gleaming Spandex tights, hamming it up with exaggerated dramatics. But, according to Taylor, the group's bombast of sound and fury and their dramatic overkill have been a central key to the humor of Queen.

"People always took us a lot more seriously than we did," he says. "Hey, you've got to have nerve to come out in tights! If people can be stupid enough not to realize that he's taking the piss out of himself... you've *got* to be tongue-in-cheek to do that."

As for Mercury himself, he prefers to let his delicate performance speak for itself. His serious attention has rested with Queen's body-oriented music, the band's main focus since their unexpected crossover success in 1980 with *Another One Bites the Dust*. If the group's early sound is typified by the "Flash — aahhh!" refrain from the **Flash Gordon** soundtrack, their preoccupation with fluid movement is exhibited in *Body Language* and the remarkable *Under Pressure*.

"Queen have always wanted to keep changing so the music would be interesting," says Mercury. "Our songs were very layered at the time of **News of the World**, and then we went for a more bare-bones approach with **The Game**. **Hot Space** is part of a continuing process of change to stay ahead of the field."

Body Language is stripped down to the gears, its lyrics direct enough to steam your windows. Instead of a lush falsetto chorus, the group's vocals are precise and bass-oriented. Similarly, the drama of *Under Pressure*, a highly political and personal statement, is heightened by simplicity and contrast. Queen and David Bowie might at first seem an unlikely team, but Bowie and Mercury share a flair for theatrics, and both make the most of their ability to follow a deceptive whisper with an agonized cry.

Queen had been working on **Hot Space** at the group's own Mountain Studios in Switzerland, when David Bowie — a good friend of Freddie and Roger — visited the region. At Roger's invitation, Bowie heard the songs in progress, and eventually co-composed with the band. "Bowie's one of the few people we'd ever want to work with," says Taylor.

"Hey, you've got to have nerve to come out in tights!"

Under Pressure's dark theme bore little resemblance to the sexy, good-humored hits people expected from Queen, but it won massive chart success worldwide except for the United States, which apparently can't be bothered with anything serious. However, enough American fans snapped up **Queen's Greatest Hits** album late last year to continue the band's string of American million sellers.

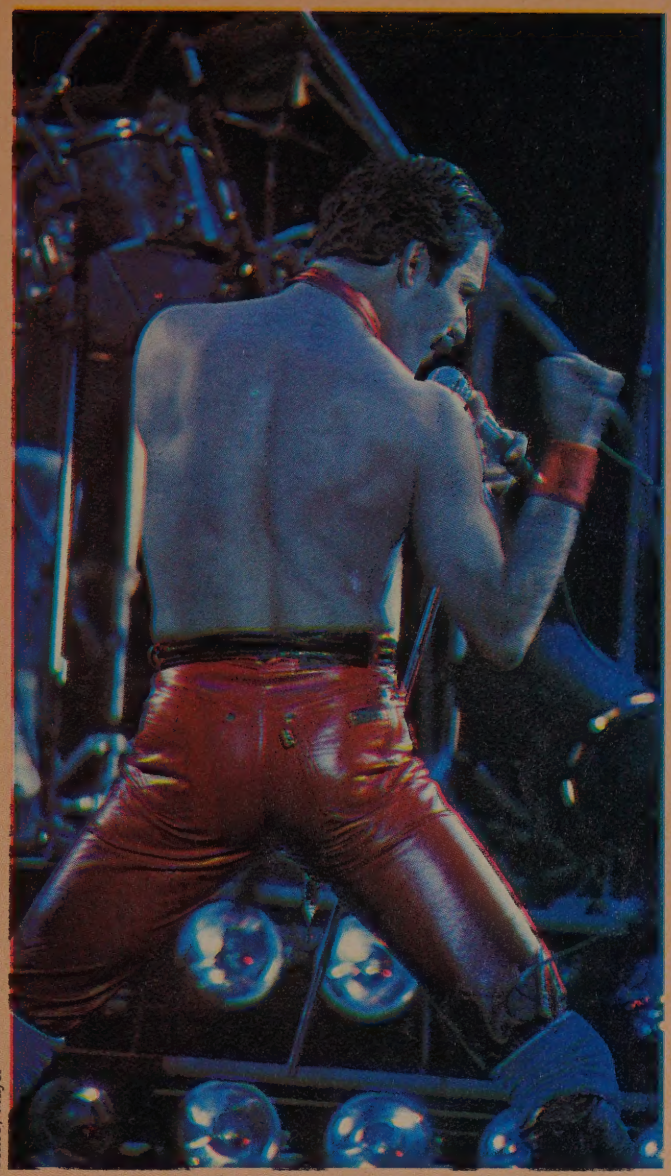
Throughout this summer, Queen is touring the U.S.A., their first American date in two years. It's no surprise to see that the show is an extravaganza, unlike all previous rock stage fantasies.

Queen's comprehensive plan for success included lavish performances right from the start, and warmed up for North America with a lengthy spring European tour that introduced their most complex presentation ever. Among the assorted props are banks of aircraft landing lights, and several groups of risers and platforms. One other new addition to the tour is a keyboardist, necessary to recreate the largely synthesized rhythms of **Hot Space**.

Yet, according to the irrepressible Taylor, all of Queen's massive preparations don't mean that the group is machine-like, going through a repertoire of hit tunes with robotic perfection. "I never thought of us as being very slick or polished. We don't even rehearse very much. Is it the fact that all the equipment works?

"Our show has always been designed for those big places. When we went to Brazil last year, we took our normal lights, and they worked fine, even in front of over 130,000 people. What we did bring down was an enormous PA. People could see and hear. Thankfully, it wasn't like a Woodstock or the show we did in Hyde Park, where everybody's on flat ground so the ones in the back were a half mile away."

As Freddie Mercury sings in their latest hit, it's the "body language" that counts when Queen makes a royal visit to the colonies, and they don't want anyone to miss a single twitch.□



Jeffrey Mayer

Freddie Mercury (back view): "Queen have always wanted to keep changing."

Caught IN THE Act

BLACK SABBATH
by Jim Feldman

For a lousy thirty bucks, I'm dodging cherry bombs. The next time I talk to my editor, I'll have to remind him that music critics shouldn't have to double as pseudo-war correspondents — well, maybe if the cash-flow situation improved drastically.

Blam! Another pyrotechnical marvel exploding in unpleasant promixity to my seat does nothing to lighten my mood. Will I last until Black Sabbath takes the stage and calms (what do I know?) the savage beasts? The crowd's in good spirits. Ah. Lighted matches are held aloft throughout Madison Square Garden. Atmosphere. I think of a Transylvanian torchlight parade.

Blam! Blam! Even though none of my *ex*-friends would come on down to the Garden for the festivities with me, I don't feel so alone anymore. A bond of adversity has been formed between myself and Mary Anne, the Long Island scribe to my right. Just as we're boasting about the heavy metal merits of decades past — she sings the praises of the early '70s; I mention Deep Purple's first efforts — a low-rent graveyard scene unfolds onstage, replete with smoke.

Blam! And here they are, Black Sabbath's latest lineup: founding members Tony Iommi on guitar and Geezer Butler on bass, former Rainbow man, lead singer Ronnie James Dio, and drummer Vinnie Appice.

I say, bring back Ozzy. Unlike the group's erstwhile star, these guys play real trash without any flash — explosions notwithstanding. Roger from Scarsdale tells me, "They're great. They play great music — loud, great music."

I respond: "Music? Oh, please," and hightail it out of the Garden after an hour. Hey, Mary Anne, I know I said through thick or thin, but, you see ... Blam!□

Jeffrey Mayer

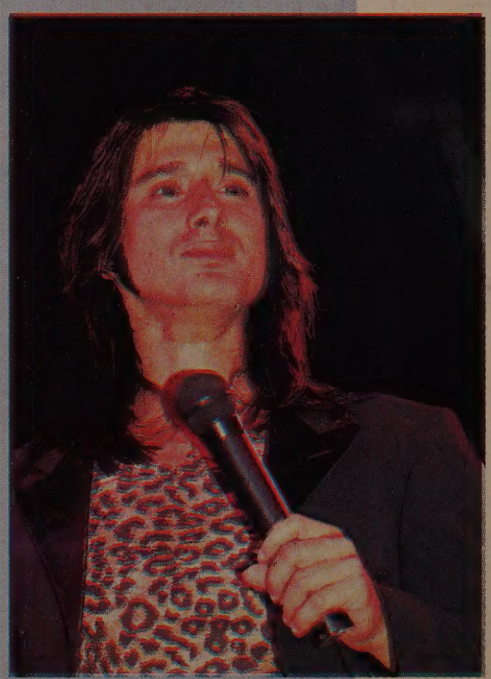
Lead singer Ronnie James Dio rises from Black Sabbath's low-rent graveyard scene.

JOURNEY
by Bob Grossweiner

When Journey formed in the early '70s, they were an adventurous San Francisco Santana-type offshoot who loved to kick out the jams. In recent years, they've added a featured vocalist, refined their sound, and have sold platinum-plus. They're now one of the biggest success stories in rock and roll.

Much of Journey's success can be attributed to polished live shows like the 100-minute, 16 song excursion at Brendan Byrne Arena. Though the first half of the set seemed repetitious, the quintet is generally becoming more attuned to a heavy metal sound with singer Steve Perry sounding like Robert Plant on occasion, inviting many Journey/Led Zeppelin comparisons. The band leaves sufficient space for Neal Schon's sterling guitar solos. Meanwhile, Steve Smith's only drum solo was loud but not as LOUD as the audience's teenage girls — who seemed to outnumber their male counterparts two to one.

Journey performed all their hits starting with *Escape* and concluding with *Wheel in the Sky*, before their encore of the R&B-infused *Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'* and the rousing pop finale *Any Way You Want It*. Like Styx, Journey presented a short movie, which offered credits like those at the end of a feature film. After the **Escape** logo *zoomed* on the screen and the house lights were turned on, it was surprising that the audience didn't clamor for more.□



Ebet Roberts

With Steve Perry sounding like Robert Plant, many Journey/ Led Zeppelin comparisons were made.

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